No. 2817
Vol. CCXVII.

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THE SKETCH
SEPTEMBER 24, 1952

2/-
Fortnightly

The Sketch

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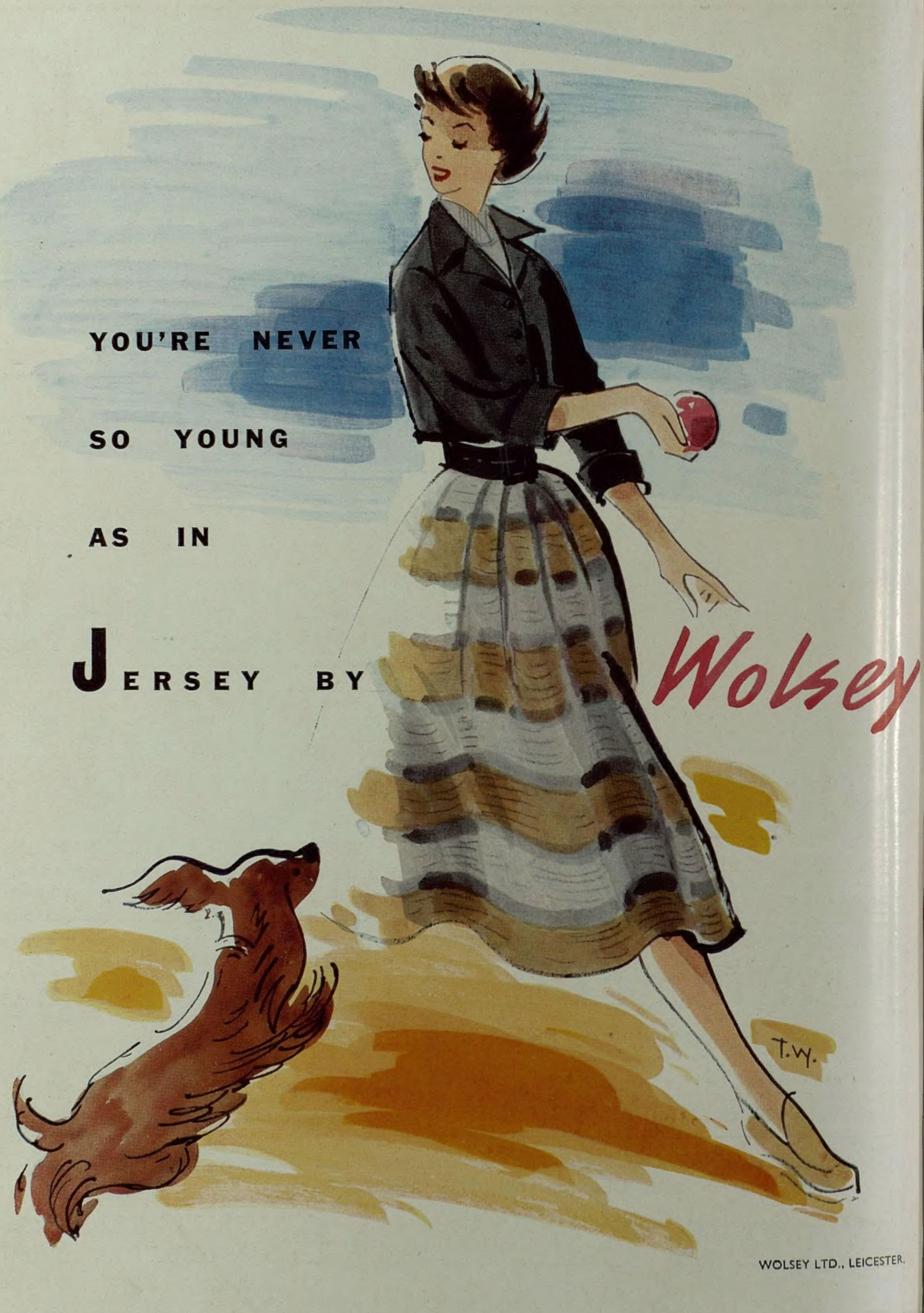
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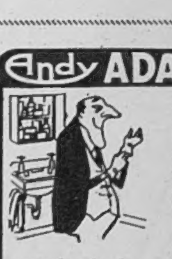

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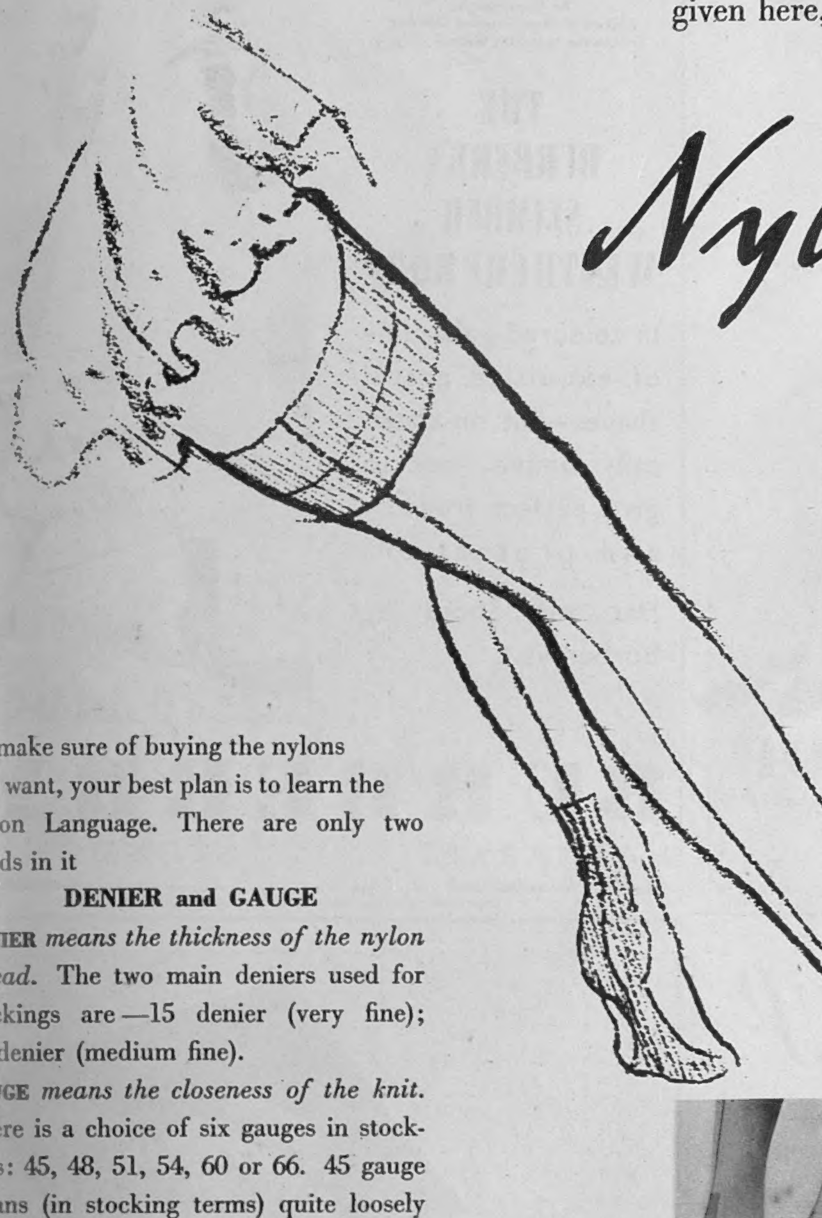
The right kind of stockings? That's easy—Nylons.
The right kind of Nylons? That's almost as easy . . . read the brief information given here, keep it in your head or your handbag.



Nylons...

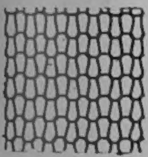
how to gauge them

To make sure of buying the nylons you want, your best plan is to learn the Nylon Language. There are only two words in it

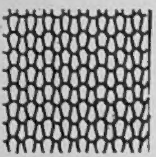
DENIER and GAUGE

DENIER *means the thickness of the nylon thread.* The two main deniers used for stockings are—15 denier (very fine); 30 denier (medium fine).

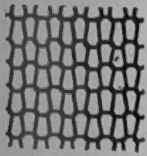
GAUGE *means the closeness of the knit.* There is a choice of six gauges in stockings: 45, 48, 51, 54, 60 or 66. 45 gauge means (in stocking terms) quite loosely knitted—45 stitches across 1½ in. 66 gauge means very closely knitted—66 stitches across 1½ in.



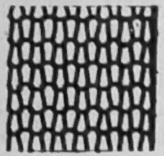
You can choose 15 DENIER in



51 GAUGE TO 66 GAUGE



—and 30 DENIER in



45 GAUGE TO 54 GAUGE

(Illustrations 4 times enlarged)

The sheerness and strength of your nylons depend *both* on the thickness of the yarn *and* the closeness of the knit. A fine thread loosely knitted is filmier (but not as strong) as a fine thread closely knitted—a thicker thread, closely knitted, is stronger still but not as sheer.

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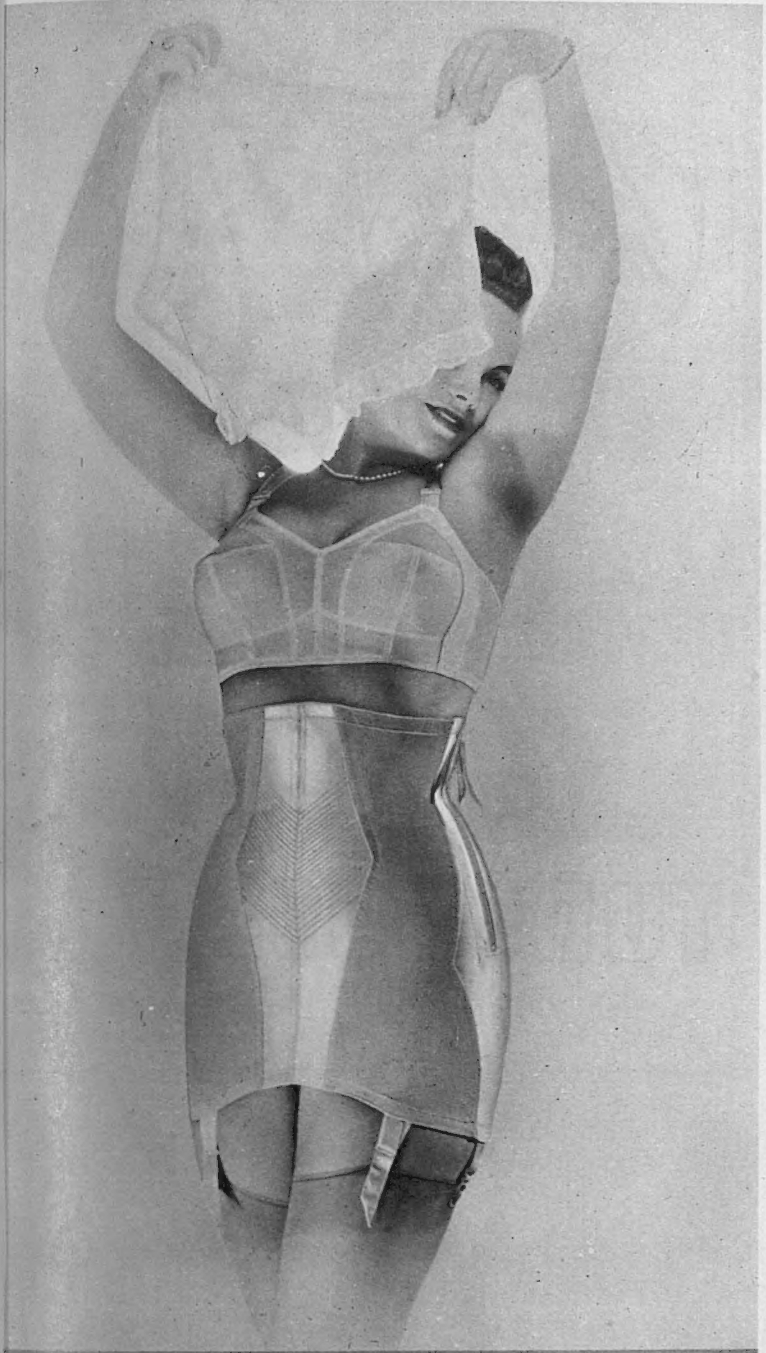

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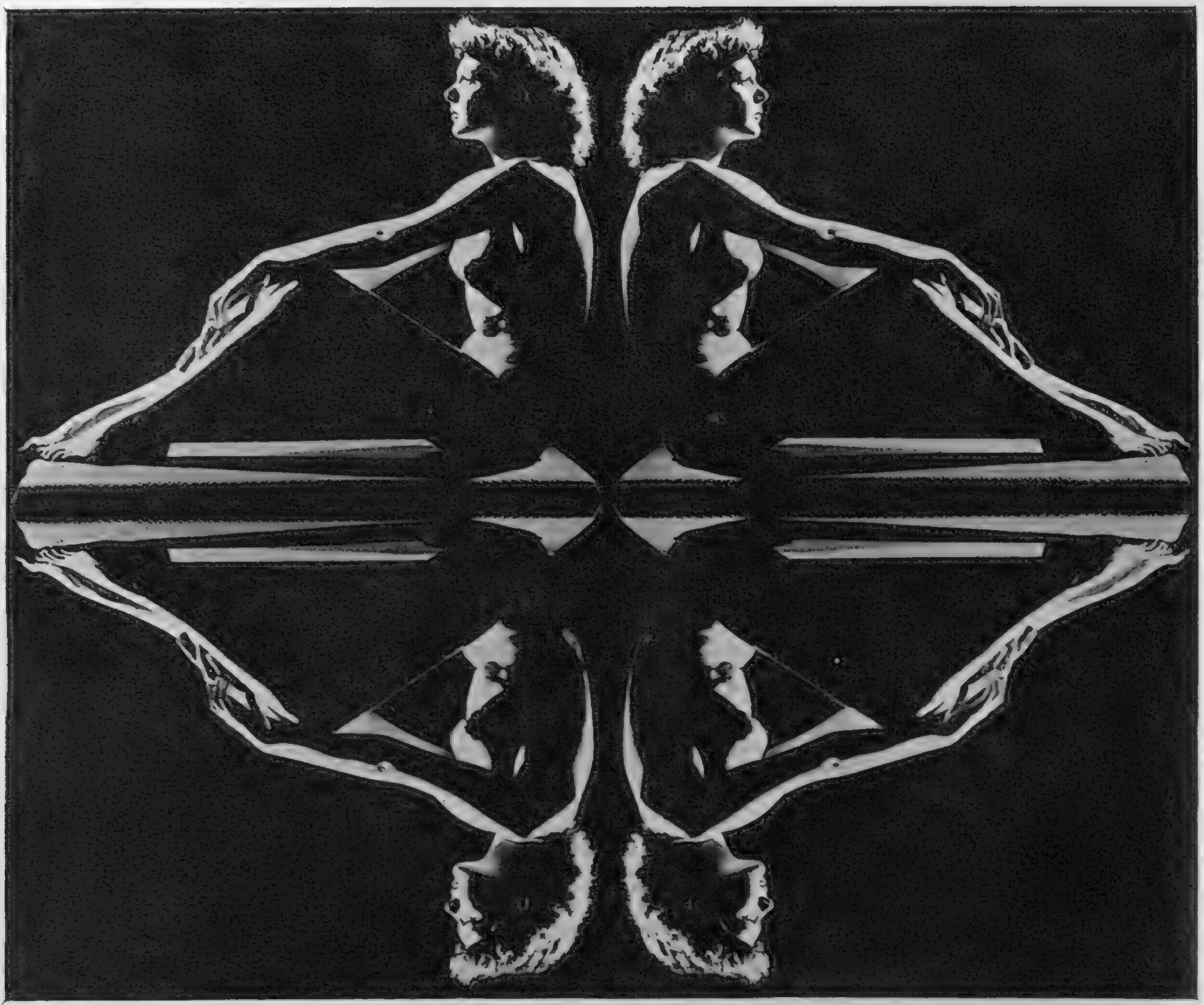
The Sketch
WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1952

PROVOCATION

The temptress in the tricorne was photographed by Walden Hammond and is to be seen at the 43rd International Exhibition of the London Salon of Photography at the galleries of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours at 26-27, Conduit Street. Other photographs from this Exhibition will be found on pp. 266 and 280-281.



Design, by John Bardsley, is being shown at the 43rd International Exhibition of the London Salon of Photography which remains open until October 11.

Our Motley Notes

By Toby O'Brien

MR. JOHN ROGERS and his co-directors of I.C.I. are worthy and justly esteemed gentlemen. I regret I have to report, however, that had they been present recently at a partridge shoot in Hertfordshire, where I discharged a fowling-piece, they might have run grave danger of wounding with explosives of I.C.I.'s own manufacture. For never, perhaps, has the effect of the new insecticides, mostly produced by I.C.I., been so disastrous to the partridge population as this year. The young partridge lives almost entirely on insects during the first few weeks of its life. This year there was a magnificent hatch and excellent weather conditions early on, but the insecticides killed off their food and therefore the young partridges, while the drought and a curious lack of dew appears to have accounted for the old birds in many parts of the country. In one field in which the keeper had noted four broods, numbering some sixty birds in all, the whole lot had died.

I am always a little amused by the dualism, or multilateralism, of such a great organisation. While the insecticides division are busily engaged in exterminating the partridge population (and previous to the new "scientific farming" the partridge had always been able to look after himself, whereas the artificial pheasant had not), the explosives division is greatly concerned to foster shooting in every way, runs the quite admirable game farm down at Fordingbridge, and produces an immense amount of valuable information for those who, in one way or another, are interested in increasing the stock of game in this country. Still, nature usually gets her revenge in the end. For example, in parts of Kent where the apple-trees were heavily sprayed with insecticides to deal with the caterpillar of the winter moth and various types of aphis, there was a magnificent show of blossoms. The actual crop, however, in many cases has been smaller than usual—because the insecticide had also killed the bees which fertilised the blossom. In the same way, I suppose, a field can be ploughed twenty times as fast with a tractor as with the old horse-teams—and the wireworm population per acre has increased roughly twenty times over in the last twenty years. The reason is that gulls and rooks following the horse-team could deal with the wireworms as the furrows were slowly turned over. With the fast tractor, however, they cannot compete, be they never so greedy, with more than a twentieth part of the wireworms and other pests revealed.

I AM delighted to see from the account of the British Association proceedings, and particularly from Professor Hill's admirable address, that scientists are beginning to have certain doubts as to their infallibility and their wisdom. Perhaps this is due to the fact that a new generation of scientists is growing up. The sort of scientist that Hilaire Belloc had in mind when he wrote of the remarkable features of the microbe, that all these have

never yet been seen,
But scientists, who ought to know,

Assure us that it must be so.
Oh, let us never, never doubt
What nobody is sure about.

belonged to a generation which never quite got over the fact of having read the early novels of H. G. Wells, in which the scientist was portrayed as the demi-god of the future. The old, intolerably smug assurance seems to have gone, and scientists are even beginning to have the humility to wonder whether they do not do at least as much harm as good. As an example of this, when Sir Alexander Fleming went to Spain two or three years ago, women fell on their knees in the street and struggled to kiss his hand or the hem of his garment—because of the enormous cut in the death rate in childbirth and among young children due to his discovery of penicillin. On the other hand, the population of Spain, a naturally poor country, is now rocketing upwards, so that in the end Sir Alexander's life-preserving discovery may merely have the effect of increasing poverty and misery.

However, to turn to the lighter side of science, I was delighted to come across this sentence in a book on spiders I was reading the other day: "There are perhaps 40,000 known species of spider, the number of which is more striking when it is compared with 6000 mites, 2000 harvest-men and 800 false scorpions." I am fascinated by those "false scorpions," and offer them freely to Uncle Joe and the boys in the Kremlin as a new addition to the somewhat quaint and overworked phraseology of hate which they employ. We are familiar with such phrases as "capitalist hyena" or "monarcho-fascist beast" (Mr. Michael Foot, M.P., has, I believe, never quite been the same since, through a mistake in reporting, he earned the title in *Pravda* of "Fascist crocodile"), but "false scorpion" opens up entirely new vistas of invective. The leader-writers of *Pravda* and *Isvestia* will, however, have to settle an important point. Is a "false scorpion" a peculiarly untrustworthy type of scorpion, even blacker-hearted than the normal members of its breed? Or is it a kind of mock-turtle among insects, not even the genuine thing—"lath painted to look like iron," as Bismarck unkindly described the great Lord Salisbury? (I want, incidentally, to make it clear that I do not wish to be told by any entomologist the true nature of this enigmatic insect. I wish to be left alone with my beautiful dreams.)

HOW fallible is human memory—or is it? When I went recently to the opening of the attractive new bar at the Dorchester (with its tank of tropical fish, which I suspect will, on occasion, shake some of the more hardened customers), I was assured that I had been present at a ceremony on April 12, 1939, when the old bar was building. At least the records show that I was, but I cannot help thinking that I should not have forgotten entirely the interesting ceremony which then took place. This consisted of burying in the foundations of the bar five cocktails, hermetically sealed in glass phials, together with a parchment signed by the famous barman Harry Craddock. The five cocktails were a Sidecar, a Dry Martini, a Bronx, a Manhattan and a White Lady. I wonder what succeeding generations, if they come across them, will make of them, and of our taste in aperitifs. I also wonder how on earth I came to forget entirely what must have been an interesting little function.

AT a party of Derek Verschoyle's (who, after a varied career which has included a first-class record in the R.A.F. in the war and post-war membership of the foreign service, has now made a gallant entry into independent publishing) I met Mr. John Marks. John Marks and his most attractive wife together constitute a Madrid Institution. It is almost as important to call on John (he is the *Times* correspondent) if you are in Madrid as on the Ambassador, for there can be few people who know Spain better. Another Madrid Institution has for long been "John Marks' book on bull-fighting." John is, I suppose, one of the greatest living experts, British or Spanish, on the technique of the bull-fight, and for years this monumental work has been spoken of with bated breath. Now the long period of gestation is over, and it has appeared—the celebration of which was the purpose of his visit to London and Derek Verschoyle's party. If you go to Spain and want to see a bull-fight, it is well to do two things. Go to a really good one, avoiding the novices' fights, which are nasty, messy affairs—and try to go with John Marks. Failing which, it is not a bad idea to go with the contents of his book in your head.

THE SKETCH IS HUNG . . .

Our special photographer, Harold White, F.I.B.P., F.R.P.S., whose brilliant work adds so much to the lustre of *Sketch* pages, has had these two pictures from recent issues hung at this year's Royal Photographic Society's Exhibition. *Top right: The Connoisseur—Sketch*, July 2, page 33, and *below, Roman Bath, Sketch*, June 4, page 532.

LORD ASQUITH OF BISHOPSTONE has recently revealed a delicious ending to a bread-and-butter letter received from a Swedish girl: "God pickle you"—the result of an unfortunate recourse to a dictionary when the writer wished to produce a synonym for "God preserve you." Phrase- and guide-books can mislead—especially if they are out of date. A friend of mine, who speaks perfect Spanish, once saw a Spanish taxi-driver listening in wild surmise to a phrase which an English visitor was repeating ever more loudly out of a phrase-book. It was scarcely surprising—for the driver was being told: "Coachman, coachman, whip up your horses," an exhortation which was interlaced with: "Take me to the English Consul"!

SOME people, like the Prime Minister, give one the impression of being ageless. It was, therefore, with something of a shock that I learnt that my old friend Pierse Loftus, for some twelve years Member of Parliament for Lowestoft, will reach in November the statutory retiring age of seventy-five, when automatically he has to give up his position on the County Bench of Magistrates in Suffolk, on which he has sat for the last twenty-five years.

Personally, I am all against these artificial age limits. I cannot help feeling that if a man can be such an active Prime Minister at seventy-eight, he can equally well be on a Bench of Magistrates like Pierse Loftus. Some men or women may be finished at fifty. Others, according to their vitality or interests, have undiminished zest for life well past the psalmist's span of three score years and ten. I had a great-aunt who rode to hounds until she was seventy, and who, fifteen years later, and after two strokes, was still the best-informed and the most witty and amusing company in the world.

Pierse, in addition to having been twenty-five years on the Bench, fought in the Boer War, spent three years in France in World War I., and has been thirty-one years on the Suffolk County Council. In addition, he will this year complete his tenth year as Chairman of the Burke Club, of which he was the "onlie begetter," and which is probably one of the most interesting political dining clubs in existence.

FROM the opposite end of the country to Pierse's Suffolk, I have received two further additions to my collection of "And in walked—Mum" obituary rhymes. In the first case, the bereaved relatives through one of their number say:

I lost my parents with hearts of gold,
Who were more to me than wealth untold,
Without farewell they fell asleep,
With only memories for me to keep.
I have lost, but God has gained
The best mum and dad the world contained.

Even more reassuring are the sentiments expressed by Mary and Tom when they say:

I bear no malice or hate,
For I know I shall meet them at God's golden gate.

Toby Bruce

At the reception which preceded the ball, Lady Power (*left*) is greeted on arrival by the Lord Mayor of Portsmouth, Alderman Albert Johnson, while the Lady Mayoress, Mrs. Johnson, talks to Admiral of the Fleet Sir Arthur Power, G.C.B., G.B.E., C.V.O.

Left: Sir Arthur Power receives from the Lord Mayor the fountain-pen which gave rise to all the "doubts," and (*right*) decides it is safe for him to accept it after all. Lady Power was presented with a powder compact.

Having a quiet chat in the main pavilion were (*l. to r.*) Captain G. W. Hawkins, Commanding Officer H.M.S. *Siskin*, R.N. Air Station, Gosport, Mrs. Crossman, Mrs. Hawkins, and Captain (L) J. D. Crossman, Commanding Officer H.M.S. *Collingwood*.

Captain W. J. Lamb, Commanding Offi[cer] of the R.N. Barracks, R[...]

Wing Commander Coath, manager of Portsmouth Airport, hands his wife a drink as they take a few minutes' peaceful relaxation.

A PRESENTATION SETS A PROBLEM

By "THE SKETCH" special photographer, Harold White, F.I.B.P., F.R.P.S.

H.M.S. *Mercury II.*, with the Commodore Admiral M. W. St. L. Searle.

At the table of honour with the splendid Charles I. silver-gilt mace are (*l. to r.*) the Rev. F. Milroy Morgan, Mrs. Milroy Morgan, the Lord Mayor's daughter, Admiral of the Fleet Sir Arthur Power, the Lady Mayoress, the Lord Mayor, Lady Morgan and Lady Power.

Rear-Admiral Parry, Flag Officer, Ground Training, Lee-on-Solent, and Captain P. Skelton, Captain of Portsmouth Dockyard and Queen's Harbourmaster.

Retiring Commander-in-Chief of H.M. Dockyard, Portsmouth, Admiral of the Fleet Sir Arthur Power found himself in an amusing situation when he was presented with a fountain-pen by the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress of Portsmouth (Alderman and Mrs. A. E. Johnson) at a reception and ball they gave in his honour at the Rock Garden Pavilion, Southsea, on Friday, September 5. Could he accept it? Queen's Regulations are firm on the subject. Should the prior sanction of their Lordships at the Admiralty have been obtained? Would his half-pay on retirement be in jeopardy? A masterly analysis of the relevant Article 23 revealed that perhaps he was safe to accept it after all, but "to make assurance double sure," he publicly repudiated all that the Lord Mayor had said about his magnificent co-operation with the City of Portsmouth during his tenure of office.

Over 200 leading naval personnel and prominent citizens of Portsmouth were at the Rock Garden Pavilion, which had been specially enlarged with canvas awnings to create a Palm Court lounge and palm-decorated foyer in honour of the occasion.

Members of the City Council included (*l. to r.*) Councillor A. C. Asquith-Leeson, Mrs. West, Alderman Sir Denis Daley, Deputy Lord Mayor and Deputy Lieutenant of the County, Chief Constable A. C. West and Lady Daley.

Resting from the rigours of the dance-floor are Mrs. Munn and her husband, Captain W. J. Munn, Chief Staff Officer (Admin.) to the C.-in-C.

Wing Commander H. G. Walford and Mrs. Walford (*left*), Mrs. Coath and Group Captain D. Eayrs, C.O. R.A.F., Thorney Island.

L. to r.: Mrs. C. F. Phillips, Vice-Admiral Sir Henry McCall, Flag Officer Commanding Reserve Fleet, Lady Power and Maj.-Gen. G. F. Phillips, R.M.

Alan Badel as Romeo.

Claire Bloom as Juliet.

Lewis Casson as Friar Laurence.

ROMEO AND JULIET

at the Old Vic

Photographed by Houston Rogers.

Pewter plates are the build-up for the first meeting between Romeo and Juliet; jolly servants romp in the Capulets' enormous kitchen before the important banquet.

The quarrel develops into a grimly convincing fight; producer and cast have spared themselves nothing to make this sword clash between Tybalt and Mercutio authentic.

Juliet and her nurse palpitate with their secret knowledge of the secret marriage to Romeo while the obstinate and irate Capulet and Lady Capulet insist on her marriage to Paris.

Peter Finch as Mercutio.

Athene Seyler as the Nurse.

Laurence Payne as Tybalt.

Young love, saddest, because most confused of all, has never been made more articulate than by Shakespeare in *Romeo and Juliet*, now to be seen at the Old Vic until October 18 ; there is a possibility that the season may be extended beyond this date. Hugh Hunt produces; Alan Badel, just back from Hollywood and presently off there again, plays Romeo ; Claire Bloom, Charlie Chaplin's leading lady in *Limelight*, is Juliet, the wicked old Nurse who has such lovely lines is played by Athene Seyler ; Lewis Casson is Friar Laurence ; Peter Finch plays Mercutio and Laurence Payne Tybalt.

Capulet (John Phillips), *right*, rebukes Tybalt for attempting to pick a quarrel at one of those parties the centuries have not changed.

"I will kiss thy lips, haply some poison yet doth hang on them." Poor Juliet, to avoid marrying Paris, has used a drug provided by Friar Laurence to simulate death ; she wakes to find that Romeo has in fact poisoned himself. All is thus over for the unhappy pair who took love too seriously and life too lightly.

OUR BOOKSHELF

KING GEORGE V. By Harold Nicolson. (*Constable ; 42s.*)

A B C FOR BOOK COLLECTORS. By John Carter. (*Hart-Davis ; 15s.*)

MEN AT ARMS. By Evelyn Waugh. (*Chapman and Hall ; 15s.*)

DEATH OF A MATADOR. By Barnaby Conrad. (*Michael Joseph ; 10s. 6d.*)

by RUPERT CROFT-COOKE

IN the Author's Note to his biography, *King George the Fifth*, Mr. Harold Nicolson explains that it has been his endeavour not so much to present an intimate portrait, a task already fulfilled by Mr. John Gore, but to chronicle King George's public life and to examine his attitude towards the successive political issues of his reign. This has meant a most delicate balance of interests and Mr. Nicolson's achievement is a formidable one. He has written the history of twenty-five years and seen the events of that time of mutation as they appeared to the King and, no less skilfully, he has shown the King as he appeared to those around him. If such a distinction is possible, he has revealed the personality of the King where Mr. Gore revealed that of the man. A robust and amiable personality it is, not least when conflict on some question of the Prerogative brought out the touchiness and stubbornness with which the King's friends were familiar. "I cannot conceal from you that His Majesty . . ." "The King is anxious . . ." would sternly announce Lord Stamfordham in one of his reproachful letters to Ministers, who found that, particularly on the question of honours and decorations, the King was jealous of his rights. "As I so seldom ask for a knighthood I really think that I might be treated with some consideration," he notes, when a suggestion of his own, made through his Secretary, is not accepted. Mr. Nicolson aptly makes the point that though King George "preferred the usual to the unusual, the familiar to the unaccustomed, the old to the new," he "saw clearly that the Monarchy could not remain the sole static institution in a dynamic world," and this book gives interesting and sometimes surprising evidence of the changes that have come in the functions and privileges of the Sovereign since the Victorian era. It is written for the most part in a scholarly monotone, but occasionally Mr. Nicolson seems to be seeking to glamorise his style and picks up the microphone to become a film or radio commentator in such a sentence as this: "The great, grey shadow of economic eclipse began to stalk with shuddering strides across the world."

I FIND the title, *A B C for Book Collectors*, which Mr. John Carter has given to his new book a somewhat deceptive one. He says: "This is not an encyclopædia or even a glossary. It is an A B C which is something much humbler." I cannot see why it should not be called a glossary since in fact it is one, and I certainly cannot see that its salty, but somewhat assertive, pedagogy makes it anything humbler. It deals with the abstruse terminology of the antiquarian bookseller and collector, from *Abbreviation* and *Advance Copy* to *Yapp Edges* and *Yellow Back*, and does so with a good deal of wisdom and humour. Mr. Carter has a way of setting up as an Aunt Sally each in turn of the familiar types of collector and pelting him with epithets. We read of Point-Maniacs, Issue Mongers, Victims of Chronological Obsession, Deckle Fetishists, Mint-Condition Fetishists, and so on, and we gather that Mr. Carter disapproves of the kind of interest they take in his subject. It is a pity, I think, that he should load this useful and knowledgeable book with what may perhaps be personal prejudices, for book-collecting is, as anyone who practises it and retains his sense of humour must admit, a somewhat crankish business in itself and when a bibliophile in Mr. Carter's position begins to abuse, however good-humouredly, others of his calling, it smacks of dog eat dog. There are one or two inexplicable omissions, too. Why does he not give the common term "English Incunabula" for books printed in Great Britain before 1600? And why does he speak of "Plates" without at least noting the commoner processes of book-illustration, and explaining to the novices and would-be collectors, for whom his book is intended, the difference between aquatints, mezzotints, lithographs, line engravings and so on? These terms appear often enough in booksellers' catalogues.

MR. EVELYN WAUGH has always caused sharp divisions in critical opinion, and his new novel, *Men at Arms*, is no exception. On the same Sunday appeared two canonical reviews which spoke of the book's comic character respectively as "wonderful," "a comic invention full of poetry," "a comic mystery teasing the mind with possibilities" and, on the other hand, "not so much a comic character (unless it is comic to have two aunts and say 'old man') but a private joke." It seems that even now, more than twenty years after the appearance of *Decline and Fall*, no one knows quite how to take this author, or at least everyone takes him differently. *Men at Arms* is to be the first of a trilogy of novels, each to be complete in itself, "recounting the phases of a long love-affair, full of vicissitudes, between a civilian and the Army." Guy Crouchback, the protagonist rather than the hero, is the son of an impoverished English Catholic family and the outbreak of war finds him leaving the Italian villa which his grandparents had bought and in which his father and he had spent their honeymoons, to return to England and join the Army. In the village, he is accepted and respected, but not *simpatico*, and in the book, it is rather the same, for Mr. Waugh deliberately refrains from confusing his portrait by dressing its subject in "charm." In the Army he finds himself with Apthorpe, whose personality, as created by Mr. Waugh with magnificently free brushwork, overshadows that of Guy. It is a chronicle of the Army and religious life of Guy rather than a mere character study of the man, and as such it brilliantly succeeds.

A NEW novel about bull-fighting, *Death of a Matador*, by Barnaby Conrad, makes me wonder once again why this subject causes Anglo-Saxon authors to write either with haughty disgust or, as in this case, at the top pitch of emotional unreality. Why cannot someone write of bull-fighters as they are, instead of making them these filmic larger-than-life heroes or villains? Perhaps Mr. Conrad would write well if he were presenting men he understood, for he has a talent for keeping his reader on the hop and is himself unflagging. But as soon as he approaches the bull-ring his writing becomes high-pitched, almost hysterical, and his characters begin to exchange the stilted dialogue of melodrama. Moreover, he has the irritating habit of putting in a Spanish word and following it with the English translation ("'*Encantado*,' said Pacote. 'Charmed.'") And the scarcely less irritating one of translating, quite literally, a word used colloquially in Spanish, so that he talks of "this uncle" and "shameless one." Altogether he holds a distorting mirror up to the nature of bull-fighting.

BOOKS AT SEA

Each year more than 50,000 books are required to keep the 146,000 Merchant Navy seamen well supplied with reading matter, for reading is their chief means of relaxation. If, therefore, you have on your shelves books that you feel you can spare, perhaps you would consider sending them to the Director, Seafarer's Education Service, Mansbridge House, 207, Balham High Road, London, S.W.17.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

BURKE'S LANDED GENTRY, 1952.
(*Burke's Peerage Ltd. ; £9 9s.*)

The seventeenth edition of this invaluable reference book comes out on October 1; it was first published in 1836 and this is the first complete re-editing since 1937, although there was a reprint with some minor alterations and an American supplement in 1939.

THEY WERE SINGING.
By Christopher Pulling. (*Harrap ; 18s. 6d.*)

This is the best book about the music-hall I have seen. It is packed with information which, while valuable to the sociologist or historian, never seems to weigh down the story. It is, among other things, a real anthology of old songs, many of them long forgotten, and a Who's Who of artists, managers, writers, composers and publishers for the music-hall. Above all, it is interesting.

THE AGA KHAN.
By Stanley Jackson. (*Odhams ; 15s.*)

Mr. Jackson is an adept in that most difficult undertaking, the biography of living people. He follows his excellent study of Mr. Justice Humphreys with this study of a vital and in many ways paradoxical personality. He writes racily, with an easy mastery of facts and a liking for a good story.

THE MORTIMER STORY.
By Pamela Barrington. (*Barker ; 9s. 6d.*)

Miss Barrington sticks to precedents that are wearing a little thin. Murder, jewels, police, cockney dialect, and so on. By binding or printing error there were sixteen blank pages in my copy, but it did not very much matter.

THE ISLAND.
By Jean Matheson. (*Collins ; 10s. 6d.*)

Sentimental Hebridean novel with a horribly mawkish portrait of a young Indian in it.

DON AMONG THE DEAD MEN.
By C. E. Vulliamy. (*Michael Joseph ; 10s. 6d.*)

A lively thriller peppered with satire. It is based on a nightmarish piece of fantasy but brings it into focus and keeps it there.

Sir Frederick and Lady Browning look with appreciation at a gleam of English sunshine over Fowey Harbour when setting sail in the *Jeanne d'Arc.*

On the ketch *Jeanne d'Arc* with GEN. SIR FREDERICK BROWNING, DAPHNE DU MAURIER and their family

Immensely distinguished in their separate spheres are General Sir Frederick Browning and his novelist wife, Daphne du Maurier. He is treasurer to the Duke of Edinburgh ; she is perhaps most famous for her best-selling novel, *Rebecca.* Her many other successful works include her biography of her famous father, Gerald, in which she discloses, to the amazement of many, his passion for cold beef and beetroot.

Sir Frederick and Lady Browning have a son, Christian, and two daughters, Tessa and Flavia, and the whole family are very fond of sailing ; here they are enjoying it in their ketch *Jeanne d'Arc*, during one of their rare moments of fairly strenuous leisure.

The Browning family are tremendously themselves, despite the photographer, while sailing on a typical, windy Cornish morning which demands plenty of skill from the crew.

(Continued overleaf.)

GEN. SIR FREDERICK BROWNING AND FAMILY

on the *Jeanne d'Arc*

(CONTINUED.)

The sail is neatly furled for this splendidly "inaction" photograph of Lady Browning with two of her children, Christian and Flavia, on board their ketch *Jeanne d'Arc*.

The Myths of Greece and Rome and two volumes of *Cornish Characters* find their place on the cabin book-rack.

Hurrah for spread sails and the open sea! The Browning family love tearing, a-tilt, off their beloved Cornish coast; Fowey fi[lls] brilliant Lady Browning with inspiration for good yarns—and keeps her husband and family fit and well.

Lady Browning, very like her father, the famous Gerald du Maurier, faces one of the famous sea breezes she loves.

Sir Frederick fills in his log and charts with the keen eye of a true waterman.

Young Christian Browning is known as Kit and is here sharing quite a long bit of rope with his father: both absorbed in the tricky job of keeping the *Jeanne d'Arc* sailing about their own special bit of sea.

SPORTING BACKGROUND

By Louis T. Stanley

A Few Divots

AFTER a brief holiday interlude, golf has come back to the headlines. The Brabazon Trophy, regarded as the amateur version of the Open Championship, produced an exciting finish and a worthy winner in Philip Scrutton, of Addington. His aggregate of 290 for four rounds represented sound golf, for Ganton can be an exacting examination of skill. Immediately this event ended, the names for the team to represent England in the International matches at Troon were released. In their wisdom the selectors decided that winning the major amateur stroke-play event in the country did not justify nomination. As a result, Scrutton was omitted. To criticise a selection committee is often a cowardly act, like shooting a sleeping duck, but on this occasion there appears room for comment.

It may be that these gentlemen view Scrutton's match-play record with an element of doubt. I admit—and I think the Addington golfer would be the first to agree—that his best has been shown in medal rounds. The card-and-pencil hold fewer fears than a flesh-and-blood opponent. Even allowing for this possible weakness, I still feel that Scrutton would have added strength to the England side.

A similar puzzle occurred north of the Border. The Scottish selectors passed by the claims of Donald Cameron. I am not surprised that a certain amount of criticism has been voiced. Here is a golfer with several major Scottish successes to his credit this season. He won the Glasgow Amateur Championship with two brilliant rounds of 69, the Dumbartonshire Championship and the Edward Trophy. Nor do I forget his fourth-round match in the Amateur Championship with Billy Maxwell, which went to the seventeenth before the American champion won. To these must be added Cameron's intimate knowledge of Troon. It is hard to understand the omission. Happy indeed must be the selectors who can afford to ignore such talent. I am sure they have earned the grateful thanks of Wales and Ireland.

A few days after the Brabazon event, the donor of the trophy rose with the lark and took part in an interesting ceremony on the Old Course at St. Andrews. Before a crowd of spectators grouped by the first tee at the ungodly hour of 8 a.m., Lord Brabazon should have dispatched a ball with lordly disdain far down the fairway, where a pack of caddies should have descended upon it like a swarm of hornets, the fellow who emerged clutching the ball trotting back for the traditional reward of a sovereign. It sounds perfectly simple. All you need do is to play an ordinary drive down a fairway as wide as a meadow. Last year Francis Ouimet faced the ordeal with the calm aplomb that is to be expected from a former American champion and Walker Cup captain. But it doesn't always work out like that. This year was one of those exceptions. Maybe it was the earliness of the hour, or the importance of the occasion, or the anticipation of hearing the cannon fired with full ceremony, but Lord Brabazon momentarily lost the nerve that tackles the Cresta at an age when most men are content with the rôle of spectator. Down came the club, only to top the ball and send it scurrying a few yards in the right direction. It sufficed, and another eminent figure had joined the long line of captains of the Senior Golf Club.

Another golfing topic that has provided scope for club-house discussion has been the official approach to slow play. Bobby Locke was criticised for this offence during the Open Championship at Lytham. The English Golf Union went a stage further. During the Brabazon Trophy, officials picketed the course. Competitors were watched with an eagle eye. Notices were displayed warning the players that undue delay left them liable to a penalty of two strokes. A second offence would mean disqualification. The threat must have been salutary, for no one was penalised. On the other hand, care must be taken to see that the campaign against slow play does not become a fetish. It is a most difficult rule to enforce. Temperaments vary so much. So many golfers are neurotic creatures. Not everyone is made in the mould of George Duncan, who used to race round the course in whirlwind fashion. Many find that they need more time to reach their maximum state of concentration. It is obvious that the player who looks like winning will apply greater concentration than the golfer who is out of the hunt. H. N. Wethered once said that golf is unlike other games in having little fixity, for cricket and tennis are governed by measurements which are laid down by law and accepted by everyone. It is certainly true about the time-factor. No one can be dogmatic about the time needed for a competitive round of golf.

Second Thoughts

It is not often that an official body breaks its own ruling, but the stewards of the British Boxing Board of Control showed rare imagination when they made an exception of the rule that no boxer shall be champion at different weights at the same time. The boxer in question, Randolph Turpin, can retain both the middleweight and light-heavyweight titles until ordered by the Board to make the choice. That is only fair, for Turpin is principal contender for both world championships. Somehow I doubt whether we shall ever see a third meeting between Turpin and "Sugar" Ray Robinson. I discussed this point many months ago during a car ride sandwiched between Lee Savold's manager Bill Daly, and Jack Solomons. Neither was optimistic about the chances of a third title fight. Since then Solomons has had every cause to confirm his views. I am sorry for anyone who tries to nail down Robinson to a firm, irrevocable decision or utterance. I saw a certain amount of him at Windsor during his training programme. Conversation, prophecy, and future plans had as much stability as the Crazy Gang. The odds are that Turpin will get another tilt at a world title by meeting the winner of the Joey Maxim–Archie Moore fight. Such a bout would have the approval of the British Board and the National Boxing Association of America.

Lord Brabazon of Tara, new captain of the Royal and Ancient, hands over the traditional gold sovereign in exchange for his ball after he had played himself in.

Seasonable Pleasures

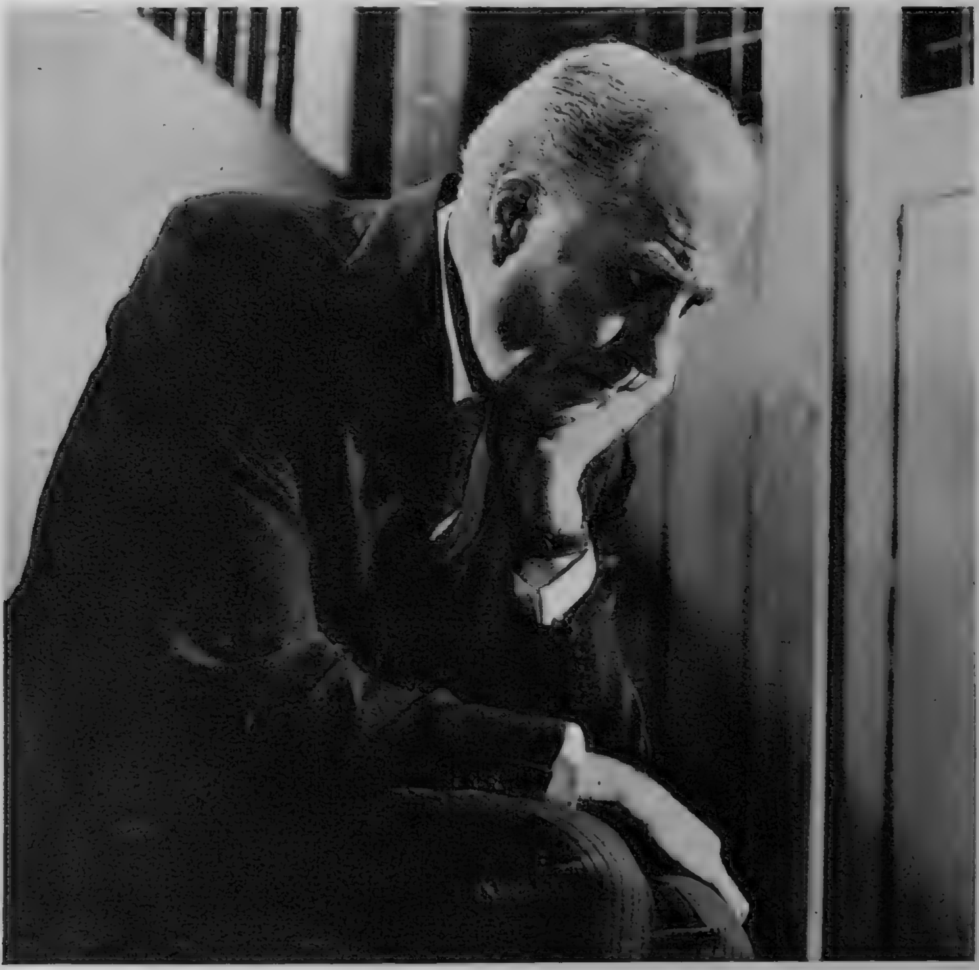
Cricket and an English summer go hand-in-hand. Both depart when the leaves begin to fall like burnished petals of gold. The end of the season has come on a quiet note. Outwardly there was no difference to the over that brought the Scarborough Festival to a close, but the spectators knew. It marked the end of the first-class season. On grounds scattered throughout England, the shadows lengthened as the last ball was bowled, the last run made, and the players melted away into the obscurity of the pavilion. Our Indian visitors have sailed for home with a substantial cheque as solid solace for their patchy form. Their manager, Gupta, observed that the team's failure was partly due to their batsmen's complex about fast bowling. Another vessel carried Ray Lindwall back to Australia, with the parting reminder that he would be back with the Australian tourists next season. At home we can examine the past summer with quiet satisfaction. The younger school amply fulfilled their early promise.

In the meantime we turn for sporting pleasures to a countryside dyed in russet. Partridge-shooting began on September 1, the pheasant season comes on October 1. Here indeed are hours of pleasure. The pheasant has greater speed than the partridge, but I find the bird easier to take, for he swings on a wider arc. The partridge can be a bundle of unpredictable contradictions. He swerves so suddenly. The eccentric behaviour of a partridge is difficult to assess standing in a line of guns. Walking them up is the best way. Personally, I think that early October is too early for enjoyable pheasant-shooting. The birds are too callow. Far better to wait for a few weeks. By then the moult will have ended and cock pheasants will fly strongly in a splash of bronze and gold. Those days will soon be here . . . beaters in fields of stubble . . . birches almost bare . . . a low wintry sun . . . long shadows . . . and a cold sheen on wet earth.

In the event of any reader fancying their chances with a gun, here are a few statistics that show an older generation in flattering light. Tom de Grey, the sixth Lord Walsingham, performed a feat on August 30, 1888, which will probably never be equalled. On his own 2000-acre moor at Blubberhouses, in Yorkshire, he fired 1500 cartridges and killed 1070 grouse in 14 hours 18 mins. There were 20 drives, and he used a pair of light Purdy hammer guns, not ejectors, firing 3¼ drams of black powder. Once during the day when there were only three birds in sight, he killed all three with one shot. The proportion of kills to cartridges was over 70 per cent. Another extreme example was the feat of Sir Everard Hambro, who, in Wigtownshire in the 'nineties, killed 18 grouse with one shot, a feat equalled by Mr. Wilson, of Dumfriesshire, who killed 18 black game with one barrel. Skill and age blended in the case of Horatio Ross, who is alleged to have killed 82 grouse with 82 shots on his 82nd birthday, and the late Lord Ripon, who killed 420 grouse in one day at the age of 70. But however we fare, our pleasures are the same . . . there is a smell of autumn in the air.

A VALKYRIE
RIDES AGAIN

Radiosa Visãs is a striking study from Brazil, by E. H. de Lucena, in the 97th Annual Exhibition now on view at the Royal Photographic Society, 16, Princes Gate, S.W.7, until October 12. The Exhibition then goes on to the City Art Gallery, Leeds, and thence to the Art Gallery, Bristol.



The man who has sent so many to the gallows awaits, with full comprehension,
1. his own visit to them. Sir Francis Brittain has spent his lifetime judging others and, at the end, is prepared to judge himself.

2. Sir Alfred Parkinson, the judge who condemns his colleague, is a character of a very different kind; here he is cheerfully brooding, at his club, about what to eat.

"HANGING JUDGE"

Raymond Massey's first play is due on September 23 at the New Theatre, presented by Michael Powell and Walter P. Chrysler, Jnr., with Sir Godfrey Tearle as the grim judge Sir Francis Brittain, to whom everyone is guilty until they are proved innocent. The justice he so much admires unjustly overtakes him . . . the strength of circumstantial

5. Confronted with the corpse of his illegitimate son, John Teal, Sir Francis rifles his pockets for incriminating letters—but does not find them all.

6. Colonel Archer recognises Sir Francis as Mr. Bainbridge—the name he has always used for the less reputable life which eventually lands him in gaol.

7. Poor little Mary is forced by Sir George Sidney to incriminate her stern and ancient lover who has been manœuvred into such a terrible corner.

3. The judge's past is creeping up on him: Sir George Sidney and Colonel Archer are busy with the birth certificate of his illegitimate son and checking aliases.

4. Stern though he is, the judge has his relaxations, this little lady among them. Mary, the only woman in the cast, is a dear little thing, ready, in her tousled fringe, to take on even the most neurotic of puritans like Sir Francis.

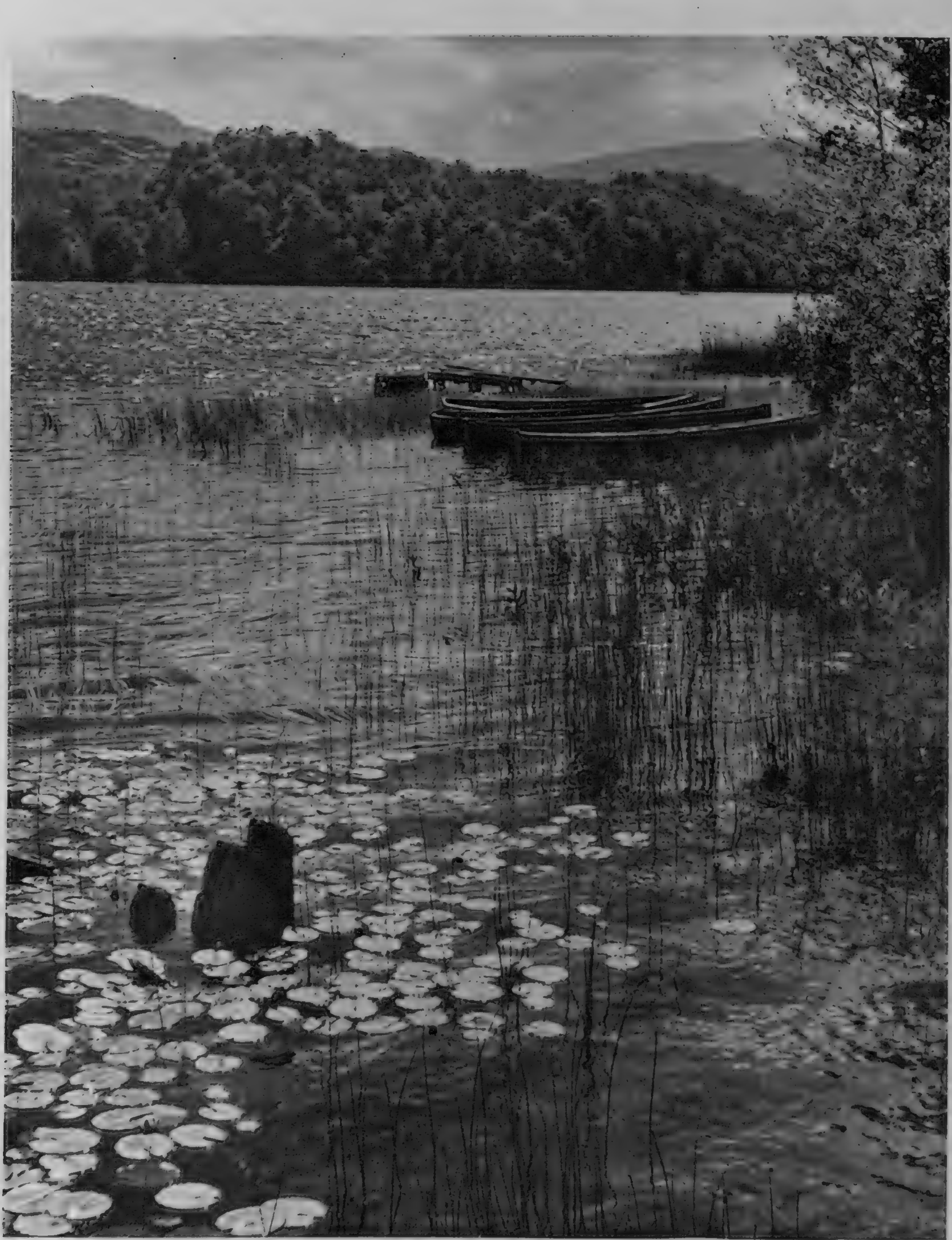
evidence . . . technical guilt . . . and his own stern, justice-laden conscience accepts the verdict of his guilt. There are twenty-six characters in the play; main ones in our photographs, apart from Sir Francis, are Bartlett Mullins as Sir Alfred Parkinson, John Robinson as Sir George Sidney, M.C., M.P., James Raglan playing Colonel George Arthur; Jane Griffiths, the only woman in the cast, is Mary; John Byron takes the part of John Teal; Julian Somers is Sir Ronald Pond and Peter Williams Sir Keith Nottingham.

Photographed by Houston Rogers.

8. The jury are deliberating at the trial of the unpopular judge: the facts would appear to be all against him and they decide that he is guilty of the murder of his illegitimate son . . . and even the former judge himself is keen to accept such a finding as he believes in the justice of the verdict.

SALON PHOTOGRAPHY

The long night will soon descend on the sedgy lake ; the bogus bird chirps on the bough ; the lady, the goat and the baby come between. These photographs are among the many at the 43rd International Exhibition of the London Salon of Photography at the galleries of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours at 26-27, Conduit Street, W.1.



LOCHSIDE, by Frederick Veal.

FLATTERY, by H. H. Downes.

HETTE, by Maurice Zingher.

IS THERE A SMELL ? by Anne-Marie Gripman.

I 'M SINGING IN THE RAIN, by E. Heimann.

★ AT THE THEATRE ★

with J. C. TREWIN

Romeo and Juliet

(*Old Vic*)

"A great flowing tide of passion, an irresistibly impetuous march of music." That was Bernard Shaw on *Romeo and Juliet*. How does it square with Hugh Hunt's new revival at the Vic (three hours and five minutes, against the inevitably optimistic "two hours' traffic" of Chorus)? I feel, writing not long after curtain-fall, that on the whole one can now use Shaw's phrase with more reason than for any revival in years. Certainly I can assert (after hearing more than forty performances of the play in twenty productions) that, with the exception of Laurence Olivier in 1935, Alan Badel has come most closely to the Romeo of my imagination.

This, I am sure, is not going to be a general verdict. But I stand by it. We are too accustomed to Romeos who have never been warmed by an Italian sun, who have never felt the mad blood stirring, who would not recognise Verona if they saw it. What I like so much about Alan Badel is his resolve to act the part with a Southern intensity, to shun a false restraint, and for once to give to passionate speeches their full weight and drive: he is not afraid to launch on that "great flowing tide of passion." Some will say, I realise (for it is probably the first and easy reaction), that Romeo is over-stressed, that Badel's vehemence embarrasses. But let these objectors read the text again. The man is genuinely from Verona, not up for the day from the Home Counties. Although at the première I, too, felt on occasion that there was no need for Romeo to catapult himself across the stage, or to roll his eyes so extravagantly, I do now salute an actor for having the courage to act, not to fashion a mere "walking gentleman" out of a high-romantic part. And Badel often speaks the verse beautifully. He can voice "the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand." The phrase that stays with me, at the evening's end, is Romeo's, in the usually unremarked lines:

> . . . Which to the high top-gallant of my joy
> Must be my convoy in the secret night.

Claire Bloom's Juliet, though not the best I have seen—we cannot forget Peggy Ashcroft, and I have memories of Joyce Bland at Stratford in the old days—is a most moving performance by a young actress. Until the interval, which, wisely, Hugh Hunt has fixed earlier than usual, she is Juliet indeed. Here are the "march of music," the ecstasy that overwhelms, the wonder of young love. The second half, after the Farewell, is less holding: Juliet, for me, does not carry the Potion speech, and she wavers during the last moments in the tomb, when surely she need not say: "Poison, I see, hath *bin* his timeless end." Still, Claire Bloom is twice the actress she was in her Stratford season: she will adorn the Vic.

I am inclined to believe that the night's one completely flawless performance is that of Laurence Payne, the Tybalt. Like Alan Badel, this actor has an Italian heat: he has also a mocking-sinister insolence that I have not seen matched. At the Vic, Romeo—with "fire-eyed fury" as his conduct after Mercutio's death—makes short work of Tybalt: a few dagger-thrusts and it is over: he does not spit the body "upon his rapier's point" as Juliet says later. Peter Finch, a manly Mercutio, is much happier when he has got safely over the purple patch of Queen Mab; and William Squire is a singularly attractive Benvolio: a pity that the part flickers out so soon. Elsewhere, Sir Lewis Casson, whose Friar is not a bore, and Athene Seyler, cosily the Nurse, lend their long experience; and veterans of the Vic recognise a leading man of thirty years back in Rupert Harvey, the Montague. The Capulet this time is John Phillips, who remembers the man's dignity as well as his fussiness.

Hugh Hunt has cut the discovery of Juliet in her trance. Otherwise, it is a very full text, complete with a good deal of the final scene; it moves along quickly in a production fitted to a serviceable permanent set by Roger Furse. Thinking over the evening, I know that I shall keep in memory such scenes as the first meeting of the "death-mark'd lovers" just as Capulet has spoken the unexpected line (from the Quarto), "Oh! youth 's a jolly thing!"; and the Farewell on the balcony at daybreak as the lovers stand for a moment motionless, one on each side of the lighted door. The revival invites discussion, point upon point: the effective simplicity of the first Chorus lighting; the fervour of Juliet's "Cut him out in little stars"; the inevitable question why the Apothecary carries the "mortal drug" around with him; regret that the lovers must be seen scrambling from the bier to take the final curtain. An Old Vic première is still the most exciting in London: this often provocative *Romeo* begins the season sharply.

Quadrille

(*Phœnix*)

Any new play by Noël Coward must be the fashionable thing of the moment; but, let 's face it, this piece will live only because of the acting of Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt. Maybe we cannot blame Coward too much: he wrote his romantic comedy expressly for the Lunts, and they present it with accustomed mastery: Lynn Fontanne vocally swooping and glissading, doing with her voice (or so it seems to an enraptured listener) what a skater does upon the ice; and Alfred Lunt bringing his profound sincerity to the part of a railway king who elopes at the last with a Marchioness. To observe the Lunts together on the stage is to know the perfection of inter-playing, of high-comedy timing. But remove them and the elaborate Beaton sets, and what would be left? Candidly, not very much.

Some lines are blandly amusing in the Coward idiom ("You are bristling like a hedgehog. If you happened to brush against Catchpole in the hall you would lacerate him"); but, as a comedy, the piece is some way below *Relative Values*. In a sense, *Quadrille* is all dressed up and nowhere to go. Never mind, there are the Lunts. And there is one aspiring speech, a deliberate purple passage that Alfred Lunt and Noël Coward carry off between them. It is the railroad man's description of the United States as seen from the tail end of a freight train, the brakeman's cabin: "There he sits, hour in hour out, watching the trees marching along and the cinders and earth and sands of America slipping away beneath the wheels." It is, I suppose, worth going to the Phœnix to hear Mr. Lunt as he speaks this, looking oddly like Jupiter disguised as a Victorian. Besides the Lunts, we have in the cast, for our pleasure, such people as Marian Spencer, Griffith Jones, and Joyce Carey. *Quadrille* (whatever sad reservations we make about the text) is probably bent for success.

Macbeth

(*Mermaid*)

I should not have been at all surprised if someone had appeared in Inverness during the Murder scene and observed: "I zeem you 'm gwain purty fast." This Mermaid revival, which whisks along at Elizabethan speed (credit to Joan Swinstead) is spoken in an accent similar (we are told) to that commonly employed by educated Londoners at the beginning of the seventeenth century. Shakespearean English comes to us now as a blend of, say, Dartmoor and Dumfries with a spatter of Cockney; and such remarks as "The deevil himself" and "Spaik, spaik," are oddly disturbing. Bernard Miles, Josephine Wilson, and the rest act with so much intelligence that it is a pity they are handicapped in this way. Now that a useful experiment has been made, we look forward to other, and more orthodox, nights in a wholly enchanting theatre.

Present and Future

Eric Portman, last seen as the old French Marshal in Ustinov's *The Moment of Truth*, returns to the theatre this autumn in *The Guilty Party*, a play by Royston Morley which reaches the West End on November 13 after a six-weeks tour. Portman appears in what I am told is a very strong theatrical part of an Attorney-General, fated to present the Crown's case at a public inquiry in which both members of his family and friends are implicated. Frances Hyland is the girl with whom he falls in love; Eileen Peel is his wife. Murray Macdonald directs this production (sponsored by Henry Sherek) and the sets are by Anthony Holland.

TO-NIGHT

There is a clash to-night (September 24) between *Second Threshold*, Philip Barry's last play (revised by Robert Sherwood), in which Clive Brook and Margaret Johnston are to act at the Vaudeville; and *Two Loves I Have* (Arts), by the American authors, Dorothy and Howard Baker. Sonia Dresdel leads the cast here. Mr. Sherwood says of *Second Threshold* (of which Barry wrote four complete drafts in his last years) that his own work was "in the nature of carpentry rather than creation."

JUDY WITH MUSIC

People who remember Jean Webster's *Daddy-Long-Legs*, either in the novel or on the stage, will be eager to see the musical version, *Love from Judy*, which arrives to-morrow night (September 25) at the Saville. Eric Maschwitz has prepared the play, with music by an American, Hugh Martin; and the action passes in New Orleans: ten different settings. Jean Carson is the Judy (she was principal boy in the last Casino pantomime); Bill O'Connor is Jervis Pendleton, "Daddy-Long-Legs"; and Adelaide Hall appears as Butterfly, a coloured servant who has been substituted for Jean Webster's white housekeeper. Charles Hickman produces, with Berkeley Sutcliffe décor.

WINTER GARDEN

The next play at the Winter Garden is something of a change from *Dragon's Mouth*. It is *Husbands Don't Count*, a farcical comedy adapted from the Paris success, *Le Mari ne compte pas*, which opens next Wednesday (October 1). Dennis Price and Betty Paul star in this; and Winifred Shotter, Cyril Chamberlain, Elwyn Brook-Jones and Charles Hawtrey are the other principals.

GETTING AROUND

The "Q" Theatre reopens on September 30 under a new non-profit-distributing company controlled by Mrs. Jack de Leon. Its first play is Hugh Herbert's *For Love or Money*, an American comedy headed now by Hugh Sinclair and Geraldine McEwan.

Ralph Peterson's *The Gladiators*, with a boxing background, is to be the next Lyric, Hammersmith, play; Duncan Lamont, Leslie Dwyer and Bill Owen lead the cast. . . . The Stratford-upon-Avon company to tour New Zealand and Australia will reach Auckland on January 30, 1953, and sail from Fremantle on October 18. . . . An important announcement will be made soon about the re-opening in North London of the best-known of the "fringe" theatres.

Notes and Pictures from Our Social Diary

SEPT. 2.—Scottish tradition was keeled over at the Aboyne Games by the startling introduction of a special new get-up for women dancing competitors who sprang into action wearing full, dirndl-shaped skirts made of lightweight tartan and reaching to just below the knee, with a black velvet bodice laced over a low-necked, short-sleeved white blouse. Fashion features of any kind strike a new and startling note at the rugged Northern games; the Lord Lyon King of Arms, Sir Thomas Innes of Learney, helped to design this one and was delighted with the result. There was, however, a certain amount of dissension among Highland dancers from other areas.

SEPT. 4.—"Ceud Mile Failte" was said in large letters for the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh when they arrived at the first Braemar Gathering of the new reign; this traditional Gaelic welcome is always put up for the first visit of a reigning monarch.

The Queen was greeted, when she arrived soon after three o'clock, by Lord Aberdeen, Lord-Lieutenant of Aberdeenshire. She was suitably dressed in granite grey, and with her, besides the Duke, were the Duke of Kent, his sister, Princess Alexandra, and their brother, Prince Michael.

The Glasgow Police Pipe Band headed the mass of others, and was led by their Pipe-Major, Inspector John Macdonald.

The day was grey, chilly and at times showery, but the enthusiastic watchers were used to that and took no notice of anything but the Games.

SEPT. 8.—Little boys tottered, in their customarily resentful way, as pages after Miss Shona Macpherson, daughter of Lord and Lady Macpherson of Drumochter, when she married Mr. Donald Le Strange Campbell at St. Margaret's, Westminster. This jolly couple had a splendid and unusual engagement party on a water bus on the Thames, and their wedding was in the grandest manner—the pages being lavishly augmented with two child bridesmaids, two matrons of honour and four grown-up bridesmaids.

The pages were Roderick Morton, nephew of the bridegroom; Tommy Macpherson and Gregory Davies, nephews of the bride. The matrons of honour were Mrs. Richard Davies, sister of the bride, and Mrs. David Duckham, Lord Mostyn's daughter. The four grown-up bridesmaids were Miss Elizabeth Campbell, sister of the bridegroom, Miss Sheila Duke, Miss Gina Gunary and Miss Pat Gardner; Mr. Bernard Campbell, brother of the bridegroom, was best man.

The reception was in the House of Commons, and the lucky pair then whizzed off to the Continent.

AUG. 30.—FROM NORTH, SOUTH, EAST AND WEST. Friends converged from every direction on the wedding at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, of Miss Pamela Kathleen Fenwick, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Donald M. Fenwick, of Downside, Ditton Grange Close, Long Ditton, to Mr. John Christopher Skeffington, son of Mrs. and the late Mr. F. W. Skeffington, also of Long Ditton. *Left:* Bride and bridegroom. *Right:* Her parents and his mother.

SEPT. 1.—CABARET ON THE MEDITERRANEAN. Just received: Linda White (*centre*) photographed at the opening night of the *Club de Mar*, Sitges, in the sunny south of Spain. She sang in the cabaret, and is between Vizconde de Güell and Monsieur R. Guyot. Mme. R. Guyot, of Paris, is on the left.

SEPT. 1.—ON THE COAST OF SPAIN. *Left:* Mr. David Fellowes, son of the late Lord de Ramsey; his wife, Louise, a daughter of Kathleen Lady Domville and the late Sir Guy; their young son Peter and his governess, Mlle. Marie Britnieff. *Right:* (*l. to r.*) Ignacio Agusti, Spanish novelist and journalist; Pedro Pruna, painter, and Julio Coll.

SEPT. 4.—OUTDOORS AND INDOORS IN THE HIGHLANDS. *Left:* At the Aboyne Highland Games are, *l. to r.*, Grand Old Man of ninety, Mr. Watt, with Lord and Lady Strathspey; *right:* At the Aboyne Ball, Lord and Lady Huntly (*left*) with Mr. and Mrs. Neville Ford. This was the 74th Annual Gathering at Aboyne.

Notes and Pictures from Our Social Diary

SEPT. 9.—Monsieur H. R. Madol, of the Luxembourg Legation, opened the exhibition of pictures of P. J. Redouté presented by the Luxembourg Society and the Directors of the Marlborough Fine Art Ltd. at 17-18, Old Bond Street. These late eighteenth and early nineteenth-century water-colours are treasures loaned by the State of Luxembourg, where Redouté was born. When he was eighteen, his patrons sent him to Paris, where he became engrossed in botany and the painting of flowers; Marie Antoinette, mad about gardening, loved his work and he became her teacher and Court flower-painter: the results are to be seen at this exhibition, called *Le Choix des plus belles Fleurs*, and it is certainly very attractive to all who share this taste of the guillotined Queen.

SEPT. 12.—The undersides of their leaves lit magically by the soft, yellow glow of candlelight beneath, vines hung from a raftered roof; the sparks flew upwards from a cylindrical stove at one end of the long, lofty room, which dwindled into mysterious dimness at its distant far end; the music of the South, lazy and haunting, came richly from guitars and "squeeze-boxes"; huge lobsters and varieties of fish lay waiting on a great long table for the moment when they were popped, with parsley, brandy, Dublin Bay prawns and a mass of other ingredients, into a huge cauldron over an open fire; the smell of this excellently-concocted *bouillabaisse* seemed, with the Southern wines and slim, yard-long loaves, proof that just outside, the wicked, old, wine-dark Mediterranean was still breeding its famous foods and waiting to brighten and sparkle in the morning.

In fact, repressive Autumn in the King's Road was all that awaited Mr. David Rawnsley's guests after his brilliant party at the New Chelsea Pottery, 13, Radnor Walk, where artists, film producers, tired housewives, pretty girls and gay young men are taking to pottery as a pastime, and watched eagerly the operations on a candle-lit potter's wheel while eating and drinking from products of the place.

SEPT. 13.—Cannes, of the fabulous unwashed beaches, continues to be a playground despite the £25 travel allowance. A letter from a friend discloses that England has been well represented at Cannes's luxurious Carlton Hotel for the end of the season; among those enjoying themselves there were Mrs. Pamela Churchill, Mr. Colin Tennant, Lord Glenconner's elder son; Lord Waleran, Mr. and Mrs. Colin Kingham, Major Frank Goldsmith, Mr. Anthony Darnborough, the film director, and Sir Cecil and Lady Newman. Miss Elsa Maxwell, who goes on throwing tremendous parties, was also there; France and Italy were represented by the Duc de Cadaval, Comtesse de Chaix, Baron de Vespee, Comte D'Herbemont and Comte Charles de la Rochefoucauld with his attractive English wife.

SEPT. 9.—PRE-VIEWING *QUADRILLE*. Prince Georg of Denmark with his wife, Princess Anne, at the pre-view of our new glimpse of the Coward-world to which the maestro makes us welcome.

SEPT. 10.—PRINCE ALY KHAN UP. The Aga's famous son, who is continuing his father's splendid work of breeding famous horses, is led in after winning the Prix des Lions at Longchamp.

SEPT. 10.—THE DONCASTER BLOODSTOCK SALES. Possible winners of the future are assessed by the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk at the famous bloodstock sales.

SEPT. 12.—GAMES GALORE IN THE HIGHLANDS. Oban, Argyllshire, is the Campbell country, and there they were for the games. Sir Bruce Campbell of Arduaine is seen with Sir Charles and Lady Maclean.

SEPT. 13.—North Country hats were taken off with a unanimous sweep as the Queen came into the parade ring at Doncaster before a St. Leger which excited the fabulously huge crowd almost to frenzy. The tension was tremendous as ten of the twelve runners were brought one by one into the ring; the Queen, meanwhile, had joined the two star horses, her own *Gay Time* and the Aga Khan's *Tulyar*, and their famous jockeys, in the saddling enclosure. This dramatically delayed their entrance, which was all the more exciting when it came. *Tulyar* was the more conscious of his star quality, practically bowing to the crowd with the dignity and beauty of his perfect breeding. Both tore down to the start with the splendid enthusiasm and confidence of the real performers that they are; but although everyone would have liked to see the Queen's lovely colours in front, *Tulyar's* spectacular run at the very last moment, after twice being baulked, was something never to be forgotten. He made all the other horses look like static pieces of scenery as he bulleted past them with an action as smooth as a jet plane. It was a lovely moment when Smirke, after passing the post three lengths in front, waved to the hysterically-cheering crowd with his unused whip.

How splendid the Queen looked, how beautifully she was dressed and how eagerly received, will be recorded and re-recorded in ripple after ripple of the pool of admiration we have made for our grand young monarch; one of her most endearing qualities is her enthusiasm for racing. This does not need to be "infectious" because the nation has been infected for generations before she was born; but such a real sharing of a common passion commands loyalty and devotion from even the least impressionable of her subjects, which was proved by her reception in the North which, as well as its natural good manners (in contrast to the crowds at Ascot), displayed an almost Latin emotionalism.

Among the people who escorted her to the parade ring were Lord Allendale and the Duke of Norfolk, both stewards; the Duchess of Norfolk in navy blue and white; Lord Plunket and three very grand navy-blue police bodyguards. The Duke of Norfolk's race-glasses were so enormous they hung around him in a case nearly as large as a suitcase; he and Lord Allendale loomed, full of concentration, in the judges' box.

Among other people there were the Duchess of Devonshire, coping successfully with a difficult-looking red woollen stole; Lady Derby, sticking safely to navy blue and white; Lady Feversham, Lord Halifax's daughter, and her brother, Lord Irwin; the Lords Scarborough and Rosebery impressive in the ring where Mr. Richard Stanley, Lord Derby's brother, was looking quite like his jolly grandfather before the first race, in which he had an unsuccessful runner, *The Harp*; Lord Fingall, ex-amateur steeplechase jockey, over from Ireland; Sir John and Lady Reynolds and Lord Tryon, who was another of the Royal party.

E.R. was engraved in potted plants on the mound of lawn facing the stands and loyal greetings in every medium infested the course and neighbourhood; the huge mass of people seeped and struggled away at the end of a splendid day's racing at which racing enthusiasts predominated and there was not a débutante to be seen.

SEPT. 13.—ROYAL DONCASTER. *Left:* The Queen arriving at the Mansion House when she visited Doncaster for the St. Leger; she is being received by the Mayor, Councillor E. Hubbard. *Right:* Her Majesty walking to the paddock with Lord Allendale, one of the Stewards.

SEPT. 13.—TENSION IN THE PARADE RING. Flowers were banked around the tiny tree in the middle of the parade ring; the Queen and her party took the opportunity of meeting the jockeys, and here she is talking to Gordon Richards during her inspection of the horses in which she has shown such interest.

SEPT. 13.—START AND FINISH OF THE BIG RACE. *Left:* The Queen with Lord Allendale in the Royal box before the start of the big race; *right:* Prince Aly Khan leading in *Tulyar* after one of the most spectacular wins of all time.

Notes and Pictures from Our Social Diary

SEPT. 15.—LORDS OF THE ARMY AND THE R.A.F. WATCH FLY-PAST. *On the left* is Lord Alexander of Tunis, with Air Chief Marshal Sir J. W. Baker, Deputy Chief of Air Staff; *on the right*, Marshal of the R.A.F. Lord Tedder, Lady Tedder and their son Richard.

SEPT. 15.—Many distinguished people braved the rigours of crossing the river to the Waterloo Road for the first performance at the Old Vic of *Romeo and Juliet*, already seen at Edinburgh. Shakespeare, whose poetry is so bound up with truth, once more proved triumphantly that life does not change through the centuries—young love, parental disapproval, family feuds and nannies persist, though now, alas, in forms modified by text-books on psychology and the shortage of meat. However, our good actors can still simulate the violence of a more robust age, and among people admiring them were Lady Violet Bonham-Carter, Sir Ronald Adam, of the British Council, Lady Albemarle, of the Arts Council, Lord Esher, Miss Barbara Ward, Mr. James Smith, Lord Hambleden's uncle; Lord Wilmot of Selmeston, Mr. Ian Hunter, artistic director of the Edinburgh Festival; Mr. John Maude, one of the ablest of the Queen's Counsel; Captain Crookshank, Leader of the House of Commons; the Mayor of Lambeth, Dame Ninette de Valois, Mr. George Hume, general manager of the Stratford Memorial Theatre; Mr. Hayward and Sir Howard Roberts, respectively Leader of and Clerk to the L.C.C., and Sir Ernest Pooley.

Also on September 15 the Stoll Theatre, usually connected with ice-shows and other chilly, impersonal things, seemed quite cosy for the first night of the Italian opera season which began with *The Barber of Seville*. Lord Harewood, who had been playing cricket up in Suffolk during the week-end, Lady Harewood, and Mr. Gerald Lascelles and his wife were there. Lord Montagu of Beaulieu and Miss Julia Ranger arrived in their seats in the nick of time before the overture. Miss Sylvia Rodney, Lord Rodney's daughter over from Canada, came with Mr. Peter Cameron; others in the gilt-and-plush surroundings were Lady Milbank, Captain Ali Mackintosh, Lady Brownlow, Mrs. Evelyn FitzGerald and Major Tim Gordon.

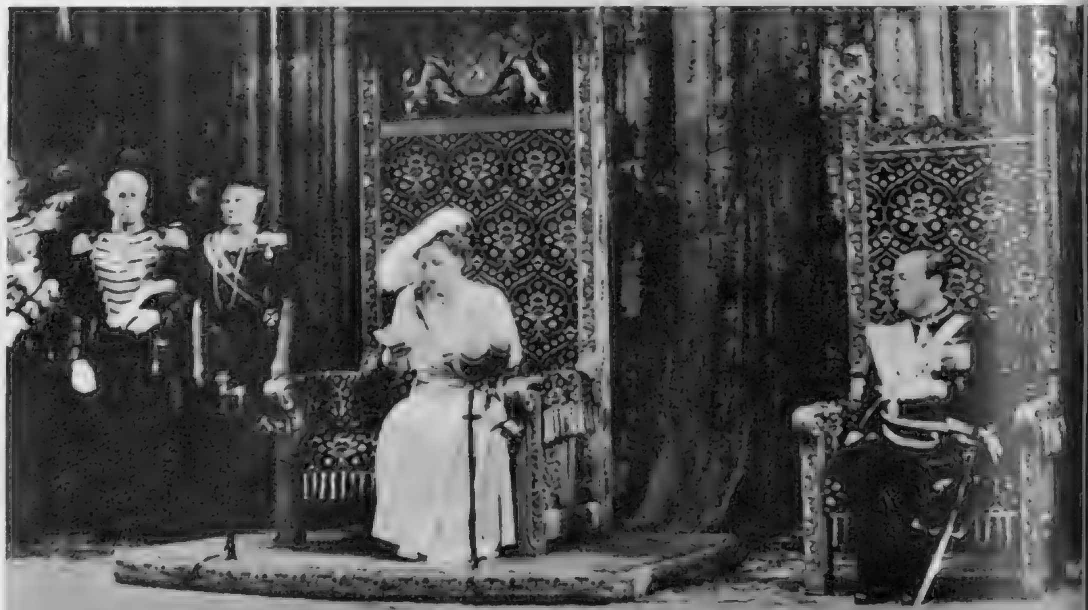
SEPT. 16.—From Knightsbridge to India used not to be so far: the Nabobs, when they brought their wealth back to London, settled West, and Tiffin is a good name for a restaurant in Knightsbridge. Among people lately at the new one, run by Baron von Roth, were Lady Caroline Child-Villiers, Miss Monica Stourton, Mr. Robert Erskine, Miss Jennie Lowther, Miss Virginia Banks, Miss Carolyn Coke, Lady Normanby, Kathleen, Lady Domville, and Miss Edwina Stanley all enjoying the Viennese dishes of the special chef, who was brought to England by Sir Charles Marling, British Ambassador at The Hague, and after that was chef to Lord Bute for seven years. Tiffin is a good word for the locality, but the food is not the kind one associates with memsahibs and the stuff hashed up by dusky retailers.

BRIDGET CHETWYND.

SEPT. 15.—MY FRIEND THE ICE-CREAM. Prince William restoring himself after competing in the children's sports at Strathnairn. His mother, the Duchess of Gloucester, and the Princess Royal were also there.

SEPT. 16.—FIRST-NIGHTERS. Mrs. Gerald Lascelles leads the way upstairs for the first night of the Italian opera at the Stoll; behind her are Lady Harewood and Mr. Gerald Lascelles; Lord Harewood followed.

SEPT. 16.—FUTURE FIGHTER OR POLITICIAN? Photographed to-day with her son was Mrs. P. B. Lucas, wife of the M.P. and ex-fighter pilot who won both a D.S.O. and Bar and the D.F.C.



SEPT. 16.—PARLIAMENT OPENS IN HOLLAND. Queen Juliana of the Netherlands makes her speech at the opening of the Dutch Parliament at The Hague; Prince Bernhard is on the right. The Queen and her husband Prince Bernhard have four daughters, the Princesses Beatrix, Irene, Margriet and Maria.

THE DONKEYS OF CHAILEY : For preserving the highest traditions of the Turf even when carrying top weight.
Our racing correspondent writes: "Few of the jockeys at the recent Chailey Donkey Club's meeting at Furze Grove, Sussex, appeared to be worried by the problem of keeping their weight down." In spite of this gross violation of Jockey Club rules, the mounts put everything they had into a gruelling race—and this despite the absence of carrots!

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO . . .

THESE ATTRACTIVE MODELS : For showing us how to achieve a bubble reputation!
Newest idea in feminine allure for women lacking the more desirable proportions is a novel kind of uplift. Two inflatable "bubbles" are contained in an ordinary nylon bra which can be blown up by the wearer to the exact size required. Presumably they are puncture-proof!

LES PAUL and his wife, MARY FORD : For producing a female choir and a guitar band from one voice and two guitars.
Americans Les Paul and Mary Ford, currently singing and playing at the Palladium, have evolved a recording technique which translates two guitars plus Mary's voice into a female choir accompanied by a guitar band.

HENRY THE HIPPO : For offering a natural flight-deck.
Wallowing peacefully in his pool at the Whipsnade Zoo is Henry, the amiable hippopotamus who doesn't seem to mind being used as a floating base. These two mallards find his tough back is the perfect "*pied à terre*" when they want to touch-down in mid-stream, though whether Henry is always available in the right place a the right time is something only they can know.

TALKING OF TELEVISION

By Cyril Butcher

"I SUPPOSE you might call it Author Psychology, really." This is how Sir Basil Bartlett summed up the functions of his recent appointment as Drama Script Supervisor of television's Drama Department. "My job," he continued, "is to encourage authors to write for television and to see, when they do, that they get a fair deal, technical help and courteous treatment."

If you are a regular reader of this page you may remember our mentioning that this is exactly one of the tasks which Michael Barry set himself when he first became responsible for television drama. But one man cannot do everything. And if Mr. Barry was to give adequate attention to the administrative side of his job, if he was to supervise not only the choice, but the production of plays, it was inevitable that the time would come when the influx of manuscripts swamped him.

Something like fifty plays find their way to Lime Grove every week. On an average, half of these are unreadable, three-quarters unactable and only one or two remotely possible. That 's no comfort at all when you have to find over 100 plays a year for production. So it is not surprising that past efforts to do new work have ended up with television versions of past stage successes appearing in the schedule, with soul-searing monotony.

"We 've simply got to find new authors if we 're going to get anywhere," Sir Basil went on. "And we 're not going to find them unless they can learn to trust us to give their work serious consideration and prompt attention. After all, a play is the author's brain-child and the result of a lot of hard work. Don't I know it ?—I 've written plenty. It 's only fair that we should treat it with respect, however bad it is."

It is one of the humiliating crosses which playwrights have to bear, that in the process of submitting their work, their plays are more than apt to get lost. (And certain theatrical managements are by far the worst offenders in this respect.) Often they do not even get an acknowledgement of the receipt of the manuscript and, unless they make a fuss, they never see it again. One of your correspondent's own plays was once rescued from a manager's waste-paper basket. No doubt it deserved to be there, but it proved quite popular when it was produced.

To give them full credit, the Lime Grove Boys have long realised that this sort of thing is not only bad manners but bad business. They have sympathised with authors for becoming stubborn and withholding their work. If they have to wait months for a decision on their plays, with only a comparatively meagre reward if they are, indeed, produced, writers are just not going to bother.

To give the L.G.B.s even more credit, they 've done something about it. Now, when Sir Basil's Script Department really gets under way, an author will know that his play will be carefully vetted by not only one but several readers. If it is a "possible," needing only adjustment for the needs of television, there will be a staff of experts to assist him.

"If an author gets a reject from us, in the future, it will be because, with the best will in the world, we simply can't do anything with it," Sir Basil Bartlett concluded. "And you can tell your readers that I will always be happy to see anyone who is genuinely interested in writing for television."

Just how genuinely interested Ronald Wilkinson was when he wrote *Taking Things Quietly*, we have not the remotest idea. But we found it one of the silliest plays we have ever seen on the television screen, a farce without the merit of being funny. In it, Betty Huntley-Wright, Jack Hulbert and others struggled with characters that never came to life, and if we found Hal Osmond, as a retired burglar, momentarily endearing, it was because little men in bowler-hats are always irresistible.

Let us turn to better things, like *Stop the Roundabout*, by Alwyne Whatsley. It was a drama that might find its echo in any home in the world: the tragedy of the meek little man who is married to a big, overbearing, heartless woman, and adores her. At what point does that adoration turn to violent hate ? The subject is limitless and, on this occasion, was the inspiration of two beautiful performances by Jane Carr and Michael Bilton, with Laidman Browne as a striking Storyteller.

The scenic formula, in this case, is worthy of comment, because it is one which television is developing with commendable caution. The idea is to *suggest* the setting rather than to portray it in complete detail. Given a high-backed settle, a table and some glasses, there is your pub. It does not matter if the remainder of the setting is a plain black background, *providing* the action is sufficiently absorbing. (One remembers Lance Sieveking's experiments in this direction in *This Way to the Tomb.*) It is not a formula which will fit every type of play, of course. But in a drama where there is an intense clash between personalities, scenery can become not an aid to verisimilitude, but an intrusion. In the case of *Stop the Roundabout*, the device was amply justified and designer Anthony Waller made a first-rate job of it. We would also like to compliment Dennis Vance on a fine production.

He did equally well, a few days later, with three of Benn Levy's short plays, *The Truth About the Truth*, *The Island of Cipango* and *The Great Healer*, starring Joan Greenwood, Jean Kent and Anne Crawford, respectively. Also respectively these talented ladies had the limelight smartly stolen from them by the performances which came from Hugh Burden, Norman Wooland and Vida Hope. But it was a grand evening and one to refute the idea—still current, we regret to say—that television is pretty paltry. Might we add a technical note to designer Barry Learoyd and others ? Please go easy on the gun when you 're colour-spraying white surfaces like sheets of paper. We know pure white is hard on the camera, but there are limits.

Now for a quick last few words about Arthur Benjamin's short opera, *Prima Donna*, to Cedric Cliffe's libretto. We cannot understand why it is not more regularly in the repertoire, for it would be a welcome alternative to *Cav.* and *Pag.* One cannot call it a major operatic work, but it has some delightful moments, especially the beautiful canon for two sopranos (exquisitely sung by Julia Shelley and Sylvia Robin, on this occasion). At any rate, music-lovers should have been very grateful to George R. Foa for his charming production of the work and to the remainder of the cast, Douglas Craig, John Kentish, George James and Bruna Maclean, for their polished performances. Has the problem of operatic acting on television been solved? For once we did not have to wince.

Miss Janet Brown, who joins the new series of *Eric Barker Half-Hour* programmes on October 1.

WATCHING BRIEF

Highlights of the Next Fortnight

AUTUMN has now been officially declared open by the B.B.C. and, as is customary at this time of year, the schedules simply bristle with "Series" programmes.

But first, it may interest conscientious viewers to learn that, starting from tomorrow night (September 25), there will be an interlude of about five minutes at the end of the Thursday night play. This is to give you a breather for tea-making, drink-pouring and leg-stretching. An idea to be encouraged.

As for the series, Jeanne Heal, who has made such a success of *Struggle Against Adversity*, begins a new one on Monday (September 29) called *Human Case Book*, in which she focuses on individuals rather than groups of people.

On October 2 a new panel discussion programme gets under way. *Question Time*, which is to be a fortnightly effort, is devoted to young people between sixteen and twenty, and four of these will form the panel each time. One of television's most popular stars, Zoo Man George Cansdale, will be in the chair.

On the same date Philip Harben returns to the screen, for a weekly programme devoted to men, like your correspondent, who have to do their own cooking. It is called *The Man in the Kitchen*.

October 3 brings back *In the News*, with the well-known regulars. During the series the changes will be rung from time to time, so be prepared for a panel consisting entirely of members of the House of Lords, of ex-Cabinet Ministers, or of women Members of Parliament.

In the lighter field, October 1 sees the first of the new *Eric Barker Half-Hour* programmes. With Mr. Barker will be Pearl Hackney, Cameron Hall, Nicholas Parsons, Ronnie Boyer and Janet Brown.

Then there is the *Jimmy James Show* which begins on October 4, of which we haven't had any further details yet. Nor do we know much, at the moment, of a new show which is to star television's own private chorines, *Toppers About Town*, except that the first is scheduled for some time in October.

By "THE SKETCH" special photographer, Harold White, F.I.B.P., F.R.P.S.

BEHIND SYLVIA

The Ironside brothers, Robin and Christopher, are responsible for the lovely décor and costumes of *Sylvia*, the newest ballet presented by the Sadler's Wells Company at Covent Garden. The Sacred Wood, Orion's Grotto and the sweep of sea coast near Diana's Temple are the images of ancient Greek myth they have evolved together from armchair discussions and periods of frenzy with drawing-boards and model sets. They are more inclined to work in drawing-rooms than take to attics and easels, though they have this littered little nook for the final stages of their work. Robin Ironside is well known as a painter and as a writer on art; Christopher Ironside is a designer as well as a painter and has done much work for exhibitions. Among his many contributions to the South Bank Exhibition was that of the interior of the 1851 Exhibition.

★ AT THE CINEMA ★

with C. A. LEJEUNE

Meet Me To-night

(Odeon, Marble Arch)

Meet Me To-night is an omnibus British film, based on three plays from Noël Coward's *To-night at 8.30—Red Peppers, Fumed Oak* and *Ways and Means.* All three are comedies. Their combined effect is often entertaining, but a bit cruel, and generally rampageous and rowdy. I can't help feeling they may be a disappointment to anyone with a marked partiality for the plays.

Red Peppers, with Kay Walsh and variety star Ted Ray, is about a brash husband-and-wife team in a third-rate provincial music-hall, who quarrel violently between themselves but furiously unite against criticism of their act from other quarters. *Ways and Means,* with Valerie Hobson and Nigel Patrick, is about a charmingly bankrupt couple in the South of France, who plan to soak the rich with the help of a gentlemanly burglar. *Fumed Oak,* by far the best of the bunch, is about a henpecked husband in a London suburban villa, who suddenly turns in wrath against his nagging women-folk, and very properly deserts them. Stanley Holloway, in a Coward part shrewdly adapted to his own talents, is magnificent here.

It has been objected that *Meet Me To-night* proves that Noël Coward has no heart. The objection falls into contemporary pattern. "This is a changing world, my dear," Coward had his duenna sing in *Pacific 1860.* The words sounded as if they were heartfelt. Perhaps they were. One of the most noticeable changes in the post-war entertainment world has been the fashionable attitude towards the Coward plays. It seems the done thing nowadays to speak a little contemptuously of Coward, once the theatre's courted prodigy. It is smart to be beastly to him if we can. As if he didn't live here any more. As if everything he had ever done were a bit outmoded and dilettante.

To my mind, nothing could be less smart than this attitude, and I wish the foolish people who uphold it could be alive in a couple of hundred years to see how ridiculous they looked. Coward's genius may not be a titanic one, but within its own clearly-defined limits, it is probing and exact. He is the most fastidious of craftsmen, with an impeccable theatre sense: and far from being heartless, he has, as one of our astutest critics once wrote, a heart as big as a football.

It is not Coward's fault that the producers of *Meet Me To-night* have put together three of his more callous plays, and presented them on the screen in a kind of popular rough-and-tumble. The combination of plays was not the author's choice; nor did he have any part in the production. *To-night at 8.30* was written for the stage in three editions. Each edition comprised three short plays: one comedy, one musical, and one serious piece; thus ensuring a careful balance. Unfortunately the two best serious plays had been filmed already, by the time the producers of *Meet Me To-night* got down to their job. *Still Life* had been expanded by David Lean and Ronald Neame into that wonderfully touching picture, *Brief Encounter.* Coward himself had pulled out and produced *The Astonished Heart.* The new boys were faced with the tricky task of striking a new balance from the remaining material. If they haven't quite pulled it off, it seems grossly unfair to blame the author. And it should be added that half the fun of the original stage version was to watch Coward himself, with the late, lovely Gertrude Lawrence, striking off impersonation after impersonation with apparently inexhaustible relish. Couldn't the producers of *Meet Me To-night* have found a couple of versatile stars—I suggest Kay Walsh for one of them—who would ensure the same continuity in the film?

Les Miserables

(Odeon, Leicester Square)

I shouldn't care to be dogmatic about the number of times *Les Miserables* has been filmed, but I can personally vouch for seven. The latest version comes from Hollywood, with British Michael Rennie as the hunted Jean Valjean, and British Robert Newton as the hunter, Inspector Javert.

This piece has been pretty cursorily dismissed by most of my critical colleagues, but on the whole it seems to me a reasonably good, straightforward job, which remains, within its own prescribed limits, comparatively faithful to the original. Of course, *something* has got to go when a novel of this vast size is reduced to an hour-and-three-quarters of screen running-time. The director, Lewis Milestone, has cut heavily and cut deep. He has removed, *en bloc,* the whole story of Valjean's discovery of the little Cosette at the inn, and with it, all the later scenes in Paris which involve the innkeeper, his wife, and Cosette's foster-sister, Eponine.

This omission, to some extent, does throw the story out of true, but a generation not as familiar as it might be with Victor Hugo's work won't miss what it doesn't see, and Milestone and his script-writer may not have been wholly ill-advised in presenting *Les Miserables* as a clear-cut cop-and-robber story.

I admit that Michael Rennie seems too much of a lightweight for the mighty Valjean. I admit that Robert Newton is occasionally inclined to mug. But the film misses nothing of the excitement of the chase; as the grim policeman, who believes in the strict letter of the law as in Holy Writ, relentlessly closes in on the man who, a quarter of a century earlier, jumped his parole, after having been released from penal servitude in the galleys for stealing a loaf of bread.

> The law is the true embodiment
> Of everything that 's excellent.
> It has no kind of fault nor flaw,
> And I, my Lords, embody the law.

The lines that W. S. Gilbert put in the mouth of his Lord Chancellor in *Iolanthe* might almost have been written for Javert, who emerges, just as he did in the Fredric March-Charles Laughton version, as the most interesting character in the film.

Zsa Zsa Gabor as she will appear in *Moulin Rouge.* Her costume is based on the paintings of Toulouse-Lautrec.
Photographed by Houston Rogers.

Casque d'Or (Golden Marie)

(Academy)

I am told by a man who should know, since his business is to show and distribute foreign films in England, that what modern audiences hope for in French pictures is plenty of sex and violence. Their hopes will not be disappointed by *Casque d'Or* ("Golden Marie"), based on the career of a real-life charmer, who was supposed to bring bad luck to all her lovers.

The period is 1898; the scene, except for some *al fresco* interludes, the apache district of Paris. The story tells how a gangster's moll falls in love with a comparatively honest carpenter. For the right of becoming her official lover, he engages in the knife-fight demanded by the apache code. He kills his man, enjoys an idyllic week-end with the lady at a river resort, is tricked by the gang-leader into giving himself up to the police, escapes from the horse-drawn Black Maria, polishes off the gang-leader, and is eventually guillotined, with the lady watching from a near-by window.

Casque d'Or is a brilliantly brutal film. Jacques Becker's direction and the acting of Simone Signoret, Claude Dauphin, and Serge Reggiani miss nothing that can cut clean through to the customer's raw nerve. The anticipation of *spiv* in the Paris underworld of half-a-century ago is perfect. The film is stamped with style all over, and Georges Van Parys' jaunty or ironically sentimental musical numbers do more than a little to contribute to the atmosphere. (I hope Lillian Duff is keeping an eye and an ear on these for one of her Continental radio programmes.) But *Casque d'Or* has an X Certificate, and in my opinion rightly. At times it is very, very horrid indeed.

Dedée

(La Continentale)

Simone Signoret appears again as a girl who brings bad luck to her lover in *Dedée*; a film directed by her husband, Yves Allegret. This is another one with what I am distressed to find described by a leading trade paper as "the lure of X Certificate." It deals with prostitutes and dope-smugglers on the Antwerp water-front, and has some of the misty, salty atmospheric quality associated with the early Jean Gabin pictures. But style is an elusive thing, and although *Dedée* tries hard for style, it never achieves it with the success of *Casque d'Or*; and the shock of the climax, although considerable, seems to me a bit of unnecessary hastiness, sensationally contrived.

IN SULTRY MOOD

Cat-like brown eyes and auburn hair add to the striking appearance of Hungarian actress Eva Bartok, who is shortly due to be seen in *Venetian Bird*, in which she stars opposite Richard Todd, at the Leicester Square Theatre on October 9. Born in Budapest in 1930, Miss Bartok was already a star on the Hungarian stage by the time she was eighteen, and she has also acted in Italy. *Venetian Bird*, which was filmed partly on location in Venice, is her second British film.

● THE WORLD OF MOTORING

THE GOVERNMENT *OWES* US BETTER PETROL . . . CONCERNING RUBBER ROADS . . . THE "JAVELIN" IS A CAR TO BE PROUD OF.

By William Hartley

BY the time these notes appear it is possible that we may have had a decision on higher-octane petrol. At the time of writing, the Minister of Fuel and Power is being subjected to quite a deal of pressure to agree to the petrol firms marketing their own brands, thus offering the motorist a better grade than the Pool we now have to suffer. Mr. C. M. Vignoles, managing director of Shell-Mex and B.P. Ltd., has pointed out that the cost to the country by way of foreign exchange would be not more than £250,000 per annum, and that only for a year or two. The joint committee of the R.A.C., A.A. and R.S.A.C. have added their voice on behalf of the members. The clamour grows. All manner of arguments are put forward, some purely technical and some rather far-fetched—*e.g.*, the plea that overseas visitors would enjoy their motoring in this country to better advantage.

Might we not add the simple request for a gesture by the Exchequer in appreciation of the vast sums motoring provides for his use every year? Car tax, petrol tax, purchase tax . . . the quarter of a million is tiny compared to their total. And as the motor industry has played such a phenomenal part in the export drive at the expense of new cars for home motorists, it seems a small thing to ask.

The better power and improved petrol consumption which branded petrol would give us would be well worth any extra cost per gallon. Engines would be sweeter-running and startability improved—and with winter ahead that is important. Then we must remember that all the post-war engines are designed to run on something better than Pool. I understand that the industry was told, as the war drew to its close, that good petrol would soon be available and thus they designed and planned accordingly. Besides, our designs have to be suitable for world markets, which means that an engine designed to be happy on low-octane Pool would be but a poor thing and of no interest to overseas buyers.

THE condition of many roads leaves a great deal to be desired, so that any development in road construction is of interest. There is a constant study of the problems of long surface life being carried out by scientific bodies and by many interested parties.

One of these groups is composed of the rubber people. They are making a contribution as a result of research carried on over a long period—interrupted by the war—into the question of making bitumen more elastic and sticky and, what is more, retaining those qualities longer. I have seen detail demonstrations of this. Natural rubber, powdered, is added to the bitumen in the proportion of 5 per cent. by weight. After cooking in great tanks, a chemical change takes place and the rubberised bitumen will remain firm up to higher temperatures, and thus wet tar roads in summer will not be so prevalent. Again, it breaks up far less readily when very cold. The stones, rolled in after spraying, stick firmer and unless they are dislodged very violently, when disturbed by a vehicle, the added "sticky stringiness" of the rubberised bitumen actually pulls them back into place.

The main point is that this property is retained for a much longer period and I am told that the surface will last from anything between two and four years longer. That reduces delays due to road repairs, apart from anything else. The process is used not only when spraying roads and gritting, but when putting down a new carpet surface too. Those interested may like to know that the Bridgwater-Wells road in Somerset has a rubberised bituminous carpet. Part of the ring road at Pontefract, in Yorkshire, has the same. Others with the treated, sprayed surface are Muller Road in Bristol, Roundhay Road in Leeds, and Acre Lane in Lambeth, London.

We know that the rubber people do all this to sell more rubber—but motorists gain quite a lot from their research and commendable enterprise.

A CAR that has done extremely well in competitions during the post-war years but without quite so many fanfares, and which marries together so well both sports and touring characteristics, is the Jowett "Javelin." The designers have spurned convention and produced a most interesting machine, full of original and good ideas. The result, I had better say at once, is first-class motoring all round.

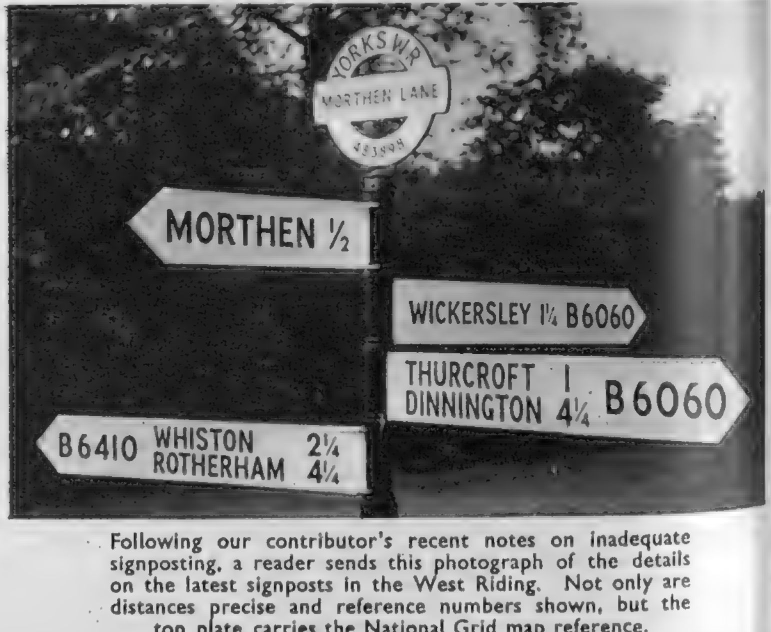
Neat in appearance and avoiding flashy decoration, the body provides space and comfort for a full quota of six passengers. There are some small but thoughtful touches which add much to one's general appreciation: centre arm-rests both front and rear which can be folded back when three abreast are to be accommodated; arm-rests which fold flat at the outer ends of both seats; two sockets placed in the back of the front seat to take a shelf which stows inconspicuously beneath the rear window and which, simply lifted out and fitted to those sockets, provides a full-width table for back-seat passengers. A nice level front floor is a point, too. The large shelf behind the rear squab is always useful and it is low enough to carry odds and ends without obscuring rearward vision. Seat comfort is more than satisfactory and vision also.

Mechanically, the "Javelin" reaches the same high standard. The 1½-litre engine of such unusual design is surprisingly efficient. The makers, I see, quote a petrol consumption range from 25 to 29 m.p.g. For once, I think, a maker has understated his case, as over about 500 miles, some of which were covered very quickly, I did more in the region of 30, which I viewed with not a little satisfaction. Of the suspension and steering I have no comment to make, unless the next point qualifies: three times I barked my knuckles when reversing by swinging the wheel round while looking backwards and catching against the gear-lever which, in the reverse position, comes a little too close to the wheel. Talking of the gear-lever, I would comment that it performs its own function with silky ease, with top to third and *vice versa* being outstandingly smooth.

The car I was privileged to use did seem to set up a little vibration at about 58 m.p.h., but with further acceleration, it disappeared at about 62. That is obviously just a feature of this particular car, and I imagine something that can easily be put right, and I only mention it because it gives me the chance to say that it matters not, because the car is as happy at 65 as she is at 55. I found I could go for miles at 65 with neither fuss nor bother, and I still had plenty of speed in hand. Related to engine size and petrol consumption this bears out the confidence of the Jowett designers in their unconventional approach. I am now all the more keen to try the "Jupiter," the sports car that has proved a class winner in the gruelling 24-hour race at Le Mans and on the Monte Carlo Rally, both of which prove the sturdiness of the design and the product.

Perhaps I should add that my journeys on the "Javelin" were, of course, mainly done with ordinary Pool petrol. But—no details—I came by three gallons of something a little better. It was not dope or anything like that, just honest-to-goodness decent quality petrol. I did notice a difference and pleasing as she is even on Pool, a little of the better will enhance the performance, just as it would for most post-war cars. I merely admit to this for it enabled me to see what very excellent motoring the "Javelin" provides when she is fed properly . . . such excellent motoring, indeed, that the Jowett company can be very proud of their contribution to modern motoring.

The lithe slender lines of the "Javelin" are deceptive in that it is not only a comfortable six-seater, but its "flat-four" 1½-litre engine will take six people for any distance at a steady cruising speed in the "sixties" at 30 miles or more to the gallon.



Following our contributor's recent notes on inadequate signposting, a reader sends this photograph of the details on the latest signposts in the West Riding. Not only are distances precise and reference numbers shown, but the top plate carries the National Grid map reference.

Our Fashion Portfolio

by

Norah Owen

PARIS AUTUMN FASHIONS

Paris Fashions this Autumn Season have a simplicity and slimness of line which will not be universally popular with women who do not happen to have greyhound figures. This line, however, is a very elegant one, and together with the quiet, conservative colours used, and the predominance of black, a peak of feminine dignity is attained. After dark, there is a change to more dramatic lines, more lavish fabrics and gaiety in colour.

By Christian Dior is this evening dress in rose-pink satin, with its stole in satin of a darker pink. The bodice buttons neatly, and the skirt falls in soft, wide pleats from a waistline only slightly emphasised by the narrow shoe-string belt.

THE LINE. The Paris line, like the London one, is long and slim, but with the usual Paris exaggeration is even longer and slimmer than our own. There are varying widths in skirts, but all emphasis is on the hips or the diaphragm, with the waist in its natural place. This length down to the hip line, with the added length in skirts, gives an elegant fluidity.

FUR. The great news is fur. Fur is everywhere, as hats, muffs, bags, stoles and scarves, necklaces, cardigans, and more normally as cuffs and collars on coats and suits. There are even fur prints on silks of all weights, giving the impression of made-up skins, such as ocelot at Dior and mink at Givenchy. Fur colours appear through all the collections, from platinum mink to the beaver shades.

COATS. The main tendency is towards the other-than-full-length coat, which can be anything from a barrel shape to a straight box coat, often double-breasted. Full-length coats can be waisted and full-skirted or loose, but the line is always straighter in appearance than in recent seasons. There is a 'thirties influence in the unbroken line from shoulder to hem, which is emphasised by the high collars, often in fur, and the low-set pockets. Many houses show up-to-the-eyes halter collars on their long straight coats. Loose bulk round the shoulders is shown here in Paris as in London, stoles being used everywhere to add to this effect.

THE DRESS AND JACKET AND THE SUIT. The dress and jacket outfit is threatening the popularity of the suit, there being two lines, the middy and the softly waisted ensemble. Dior is faithful to his spencer and indents the waistline more than any other designer.

DRESSES. Most popular lines are the jumper suit and the tube dress. The jumper suit is often loose-waisted, with a cowl neck which again takes us back to the 'thirties. The 'thirties come back to memory, too, with the slim black crêpe dresses which have reappeared. There are varieties of necklines and different ways of giving hip interest, from draping to a farthingale effect.

LATE DAY AND EVENING DRESSES. In Paris the most seen are bare-topped dresses with a jacket in heavy wool. The dresses may be short, and the jacket may be replaced by a stole, tiny bolero, lace scarf or fringed shawl. Full evening dresses range from Dior's wide-skirted satin crinolines to low-backed hip-clinging tubes by Fath, which are again reminiscent of the 'thirties.

Photographed by Vernier and Maywald.

(Continued overleaf.)

Our Fashion Portfolio (Contd.)

Never has jersey been so much in the news. This grey wool jersey jumper-suit by Jacques Fath has the back-to-the-'thirties cowl collar. Tiny mother-of-pearl buttons point the attention to the hip-line, the waist being only slightly emphasised by the narrow belt. The ocelot muff gives the ever-present touch of fur.

Tweed for town, with this black and white thick tweed suit by Raphael. The jacket is double-breasted, the cuffs and collars of black velvet. It is worn with a matching pill-box cap.

The other-than-full-length coat is shown here. Fath's tweed three-quarter coat over a matching slim dress has a high beaver collar. The cap is wool jersey.

FABRICS. Tweed is everywhere, for dresses and jackets, suits and coats. For dresses, soft fabrics are universal, such as crêpe-de-Chine, jersey of every description and chiffon. Evening dresses are in lace, satin, chiffon, satin-shantung and jersey.

COLOURS. Black is everywhere: never before has it been so popular. All the colours are more sober, grey and quiet fur colours taking a prominent place, and brown making a reappearance. There are flashes of geranium-red for day and evening, and for evening, white takes its place with black, rose-pink, pale blue, lavender, and a deep hyacinth blue at Dior.

HATS. Vivid colourings in hats contrast with the more sober colours of dresses and coats. There are varieties of shapes, but the head-hugging, hair-hiding lines of bathing caps, jelly-bags, coal-heavers' caps and the like are seen everywhere.

ACCESSORIES. There is a tendency towards a sober dignity in jewellery, handbags and gloves, that is in keeping with the simple lines and conservative colours of the clothes themselves.

Above: Jersey again in Schiaparelli's grey dress with its diagonally tucked bodice and parallel hip pocket. The fitting hat is in matching jersey. The coat in a large plaid is in one of the hairy fabrics that is so popular this season on both sides of the Channel.

Above, right: Black for after-dark. Dior's cocktail or theatre dress is in black faille, with a wide skirt. Darts shape the fullness at hip level. The neckline is a wide-open V, both at the front and back, jutting over the upper arms and folding into little sleeves. The tiny cap is black velvet, as are the simple gauntlet gloves.

Right: This ball dress from Manguin is in shining white paper taffeta. The bodice is fitting, with squared neckline and wide straps of white satin. The skirt is a full crinoline, gathered to a tiny waist, and threaded around the hips with three rows of wide white satin. The dress is an attractive combination of simple line and lavish fabrics.

PARIS
AUTUMN FASHIONS

ELEGANT ECONOMY

A sturdy all-purpose coat for the younger woman is to be found at Aquascutum, 100, Regent Street. In nap velour, which one remembers from one's school coats, it appears in navy, nigger brown, mushroom, camel colour and two shades of red. High buttoning, with dropped shoulders and patch pockets, it is comfortably wide, but has the straighter lines of this season. The price is 14 guineas. The black "trapper" hat in melusine, edged with wool fringe at the back, is a Dolores "Glamour" hat from Liberty, price about 5½ gns.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by W. J. Pilkington.

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A SHOPPING TREASURE HUNT

By Susan Carr

FROM my own experience I can strongly advise you to fall for the temptation of buying an unbreakable plastic washing-up bowl. I see no reason why mine should not last for years, for it does not stain or chip, resists grease and chemicals, and is unaffected by boiling water. Being made of a plastic substance, it is very pliant and will, if necessary, stand up to any amount of tough treatment. I have found mine a great economy because when things " slip out of my hands," or those of others, while being washed they have so far only bounced and not broken or cracked. The household breakages since I 've had it have reached an all-time low. (I expect someone will trip and break a trayful of crockery now just to even things up !)

* * *

Before leaving the washing-up (if only one could), I must mention a long-handled brush that has now joined the excellent Tip-Top series. It has nylon bristles and can be had in a number of colours. Another kitchen aid I 've been trying out is a plastic pot-scourer—it certainly does its job efficiently, can be rinsed clean, and looks as if it will still be at work when some of my others have died early deaths.

* * *

A very inexpensive addition to my kitchen has saved milk, soups, etc., from boiling over when I 've been called to the telephone. It is a heat-proof glass disc which is placed at the bottom of a saucepan and automatically prevents the contents boiling over. (Query : Why is it that people always ring up just when I 've put the toast under the grill or started the pressure cooker ? I have just been reading about a man who trained his Alsatian to take off the telephone receiver, bark twice, and replace it. But I can't see my spaniel doing that unless the G.P.O. will oblige with a receiver made of bone—unlikely to be replaced !)

* * *

A thing I enjoy—although the opportunities to do so are few and far between—is having a meal completely alone so that I can unashamedly read at table. In the past I have propped my book up against the coffee-pot or something equally unsatisfactory, but during one of my recent shopping hunts I came across a walnut book-stand designed for those who indulge in this luxury. I am looking forward to using it !

* * *

Now for some finds of interest to those with gardens. A six-inch pocket pruner with rust-resisting blades and duck-egg blue handles, features a new concealed spring and locking device. Although so small, it cuts with razor precision through tough branches as well as slender twigs. No one should walk round their garden without having it in their pocket. . . . A companion pruner will cut and hold a flower-stem in one singlehanded operation. . . . At last I have come across some garden shears that weigh only 25 ozs. and can be wielded without fatigue. . . . Long-handled edging shears, also with rust-resisting blades, have shock-absorbing rubber grips to prevent blistered hands.

* * *

I am very pleased to have found a shop where one can get materials of the quality used in the big fashion houses at greatly reduced prices. In some cases the price represents a 60 or 70 per cent. reduction. The materials are remnant rolls from the firm's main shops in Paris and London. You can buy 54-in. wool jersey for 19s. 9d. a yard ; and really beautiful dress-weight woollens at 29s. 9d. a yard. The excellent range of unusual cocktail dress materials includes the new crystal faille from Paris. The Boutique has a special corner where all the materials cost 10s. a yard, and include cocktail dress taffetas, organzas, and so on.

* * *

My tailpiece is a Twirly comb brush which combines the perfect way of having a clean comb with the minimum of effort. It consists of two bristled rollers in a small metal frame. You just push the comb between the brushes and run the comb brush up and down it. If used under a warm running tap the Twirly will automatically clean itself.

How Much It Costs And Where To Find It

The Bex unbreakable bowl in green : £1 3s. 6d. ; at the Civil Service Stores and many other stores. Tip-Top nylon washing-up brush : 3s. 6d. ; and Spong's " Britaglit " plastic pot-scourer : 1s. 1d. ; at the Army and Navy Stores. Solidex Milk Saver : 1s. 4d. ; at Staines Kitchen Equipment Co. Ltd., 94, Victoria Street, S.W.1. Walnut book-stand : 11s. 9d. ; at Heals. Garden tools made by the Wilkinson Sword Co. Ltd. The pocket pruner : 12s. 6d. ; Flower gatherer, 15s. ; Light Garden Shears : £1 5s. ; Edging Shears : £2 5s. 6d. ; all obtainable from the Army & Navy Stores, Carters and leading stores. Dress materials : Gasmey's Boutique in South Molton Street, W.1. Twirly Comb Brush : 2s. 4d. ; at Selfridges and other leading stores and chemists.

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*AMERICAN COMMENTARY

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Road Test No. F - 4 - 52, August, 1952

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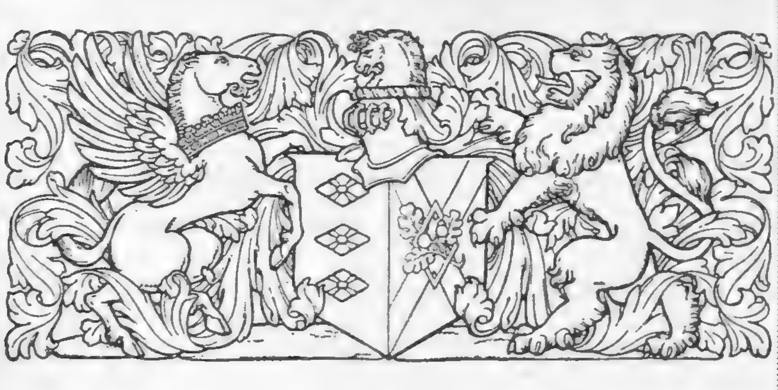

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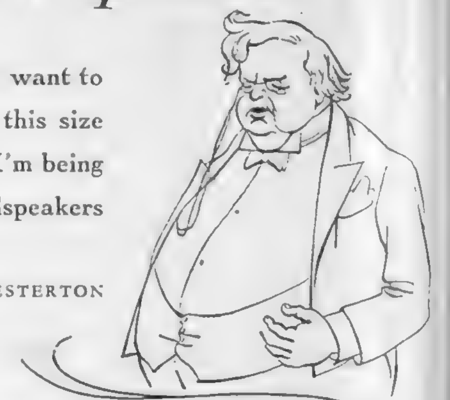

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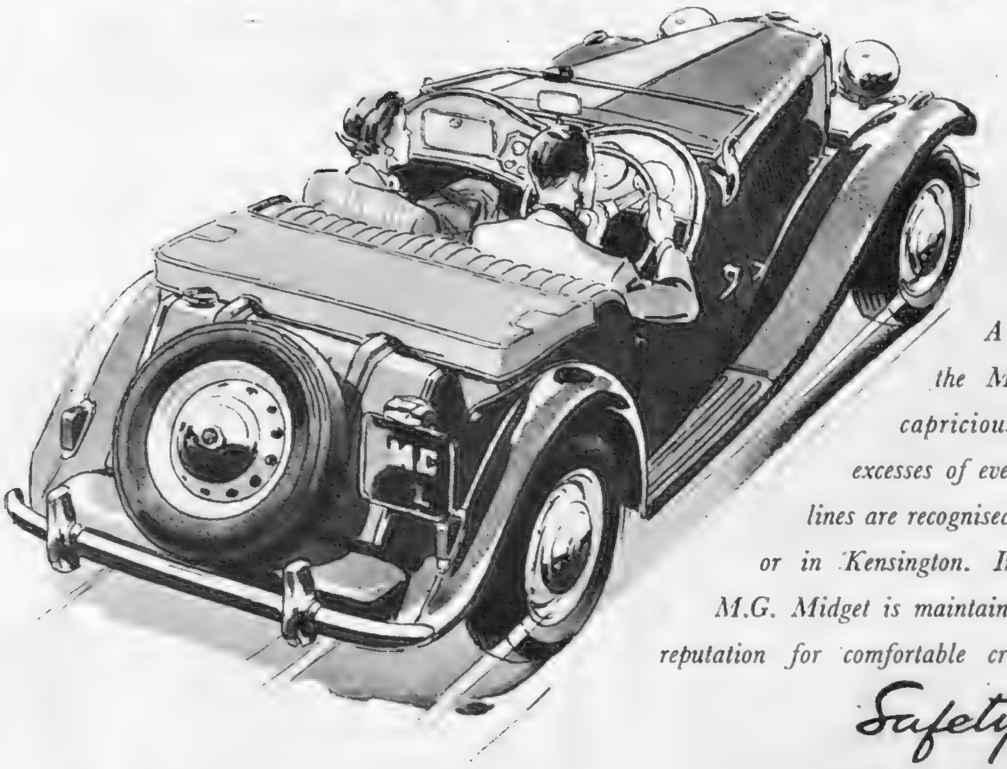

. . . character as markedly individual as its performance

A rugged individualist, the M.G. Midget shuns capricious elaboration and excesses of every kind. Its sturdy lines are recognised at once in Karachi or in Kensington. In performance, the M.G. Midget is maintaining its international reputation for comfortable cruising and for—

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Safety fast!

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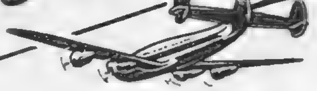
71

FLY 'SPRINGBOK' TO South Africa



THREE FLIGHTS WEEKLY by South African Airways to Johannesburg via Rome, Khartoum and Nairobi. One service per week calls at Frankfurt. Fully pressurized 4-engined Constellation aircraft. Complimentary meals and mealtime drinks. No gratuities. British Overseas Airways also provide three flights weekly by Comet to Johannesburg on the 'Springbok' Service which is operated jointly by S.A.A. and B.O.A.C.

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Nice gin.

What's the difference between Seagers and any other gin?

I haven't the slightest idea.

Then why drink it?

Because I like it.

That's not a very profound reason.

It's the best I can do. Try it and see if you can think of a better one.

Seager, Evans & Co. Limited, The Distillery, London, SE8

... and twenty Gold Flake, Peter

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Gold Flake

CIGARETTES

"But *someone* must be able to show us the way . . . try that little shop across the road. You might ask for a paper, too—oh! and twenty Gold Flake, Peter". Gold Flake and good living go hand-in-hand. Like all that's best in British car design, their quality is supreme and ever constant.

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A 12-ft. LIGHTWEIGHT TOURING CARAVAN FOR THE SMALL-CAR OWNER.

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CAR'S INSIDE STORY

Ever actually driven a Javelin yourself?

There must be some very active reason why a person who has never been in a Javelin before looks on it as THE car after one short drive.

Perhaps you'd like to try her for yourself and find out. Hey, steady with that throttle! Maybe you're not used to driving a car that'll clock 70 in not much more than half a minute from a standstill.

Maybe you've never been in a 1½ litre saloon that will cruise all day in the 60's and touch 80. Maybe you never knew what torsion bar suspension could do to bumps or used a gear change that's so quick and positive.

And there's something else—this car's got room behind for men with lanky legs. It's got room for all the family and all the luggage too. You don't feel cramped in a Javelin.

The Javelin is a waste of money if you don't care what a car does. There's such a lot built into it that doesn't really show until you have one in your hands—real family comfort—economy—*and* performance. Incidentally, the Javelin won outright the Closed Car Section of the R.A.C. International Rally of Great Britain, this year.

Best speed, electrically timed, 80 m.p.h. Acceleration 0-50 m.p.h. in 15.4 secs. ("The Motor" 1952 Road Test). Horizontally opposed flat-four engine gives 30 m.p.g.

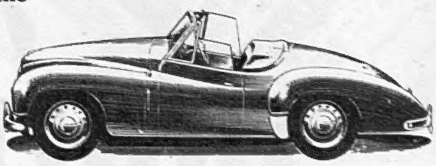
The 1½ litre

JOWETT JAVELIN

one day—it has to be YOURS!

★ ★

The Javelin's sister car, the JOWETT JUPITER



The Jowett JUPITER, winner of 9 major events in the 1950-51 season. Winner of Le Mans (1½ litre class) for the third year running in 1952. This amazingly successful 1½ litre sports convertible has basically the same engine as the Jowett Javelin.

★ ★

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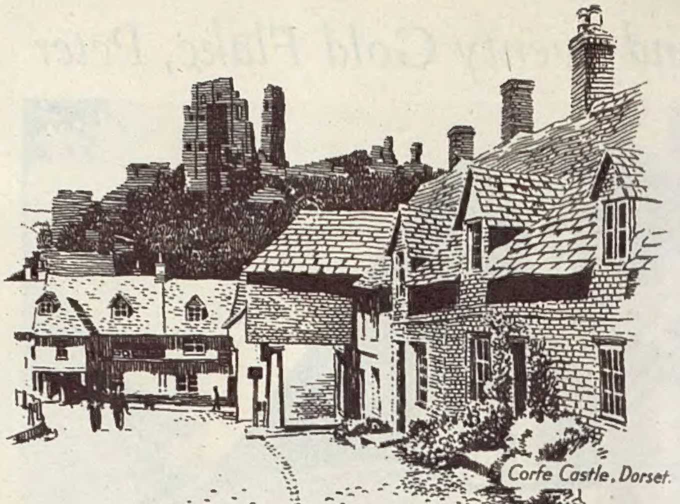
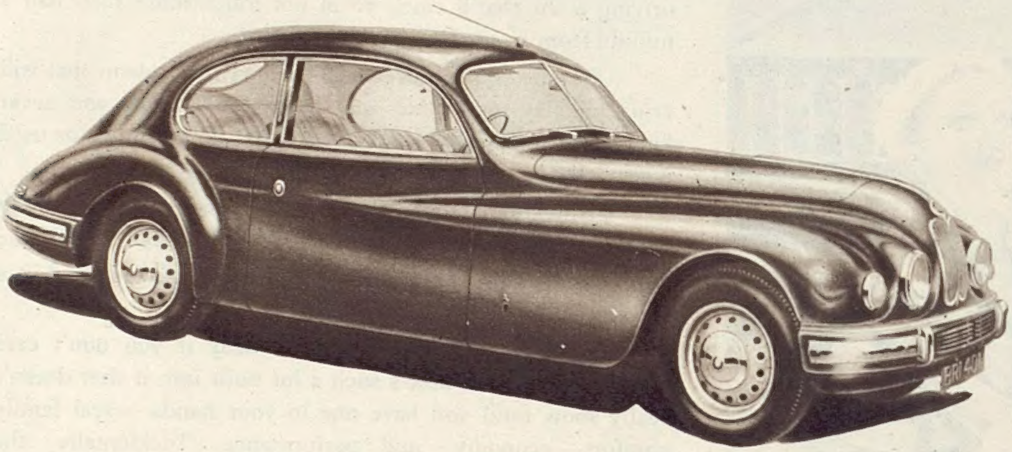
From Bristol, historic gateway to the West of England, with its wealth of natural beauty and centuries-long heritage of British crafsmanship, comes the "Bristol" two-litre car . . . a 20th century example of the quality and grace of British design and workmanship.


Corfe Castle, Dorset.



BRISTOL 2 LITRE

THE BRISTOL TYPE 401

THE CAR DIVISION OF THE BRISTOL AEROPLANE COMPANY LIMITED · FILTON HOUSE · BRISTOL

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* Fine performance—instant get-away

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